

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY BY SARAH S. STILLWELL WEBER

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By H. Hirschauer.



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Our Lesson from Canada.

WE LOOK with no envy, but rather with friendly pride, on the ever-growing prosperity of Canada. Her population has increased, it has been estimated, forty per cent. during the last ten years. In April immigrants were coming in at the rate of sixteen hundred a day, nearly half being substantial and experienced farmers from the United States. Of the remainder, three-fourths speak the English language, representing the very best class of immigrants. And there is remunerative work for all. Canada's trade also shows splendid growth. The value of her commerce for the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1910, was \$677,000,000. It is estimated that \$800,000,000 will be the figures for the present year, and that two years hence trade will reach the billion-dollar mark. Compared with our own these figures may not be large, but the commerce of the United States did not reach Canada's present figures until this country had about four times Canada's present population.

The tide of immigration has turned to Canada and she is prospering out of proportion to her resources and population. What lesson does this teach? Simply this, that Canada is left free to develop and prosper because trust-busting and railroad-smashing are not going on in that section. In our own country the disposition has been either to destroy or seriously to hamper all large aggregations of capital which are necessary to carry on trade in its present proportions, and, so far as the railroads are concerned, it is counted the part of patriotism to assail them at every opportunity. Being free from the agitation of the demagogue, Canada has stood at a distance and passed condemnation on this method of trying to destroy a country's commerce and industry. Profiting by the lessons we have taught her, Canada seeks by regulation to retain all the good characteristics of the corporate method of doing business, and, instead of endeavoring to destroy the railroads, seeks their protection and expansion. Is it not time for the trust-busting and railroad-smashing element among us to learn a lesson from prosperous Canada? The lesson is needed sorely. Constructive legislation, not destructive, should be our motto.



Religion in Battle Creek.

THE INTELLECTUAL atmosphere of Battle Creek, Mich., seems to inspire the growth of mystic and occult religions. That city enjoys the unique distinction of having been the home of more "isms" than any other locality in the United States. Fifty-five years ago the Seventh Day Adventists made Battle Creek their headquarters for the world. Their subsequent expansion made the name of Battle Creek synonymous with Adventism. Then the Spiritualists arrived. At one time they had a very large society there and most of the prominent free thinkers and agnostics in the country went there to expound their theories. These two denominations represented the extremes in religion, one being extremely orthodox and the other liberalism of the broadest kind. Among the first settlers was a band of Quakers. They were absorbed by the Spiritualists. Then came a sect from the East who were imbued with Fourierism. They held radically liberal ideas on social life and religion. They built a college in the center of their community, about three miles west of the city, and called themselves the Harmonists. With a huge band of followers, Dr. Dowling settled there with his Christadelphians. His strong personality easily influenced the devotees of his brand-new religion and for a while the community thrived. The first person to teach the "mind cure" in the city was Dr. Swartz, of Chicago. He secured a following which increased and branched off into other systems of new thought, and several societies of the kind were organized. The city has had followers and proselyters for the "Hermetic Brotherhood," "Age To Come," "Millennium Dawn," "Breath of Life," "Theosophy," "Gnostics," "Fire Worshipers," "Restitutionists," "Saint of God," "Church of the Larger Hope" cults. The latest introduction into the city is a "new thought" cult called the "Flohim Brotherhood." On entrance, Battle Creek presents the appearance of an orderly, well-planned city, abounding in churches and schools.

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LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

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No. 2867

The Shame of Oklahoma.

AFTER having brought the name of Vice-President Sherman, needlessly, into a public scandal, Senator Gore, who was guilty of this gross violation of every code of ethics, hastens to proclaim that he hopes the public will forget about it, and that he has "never made any charge whatever against Mr. Sherman." This is well enough, but in the present state of the public mind we realize what it means to have an accusation of any kind, true or untrue, made against a public official. Senator Gore might at least have had the decency to have consulted about the matter with the Vice-President, who had been his presiding officer throughout the session, before going on the stand and recklessly dragging the name of Mr. Sherman into a public investigation.

No one who knows the high character and unquestioned personal integrity of Mr. Sherman paid the slightest attention to the staring headlines in the muck-raking press which gave the impression that he was involved in the Oklahoma scandal. But there are thousands of thoughtless readers all over the country, altogether too eager to believe that all public officials are discredited. They will pay no attention to Mr. Gore's exculpation of Mr. Sherman, but will continue to believe that the Vice-President has been guilty of questionable conduct.

The Ballinger case illustrates the point we make. Though no evidence to prove the slightest official misconduct on his part was presented during all the prolonged investigation at which his accusers were given the fullest opportunity to do their worst, yet we find many newspapers insisting that Mr. Ballinger must retire from the Cabinet. One leading newspaper in New York City says that though Mr. Ballinger be as innocent as a dove, his usefulness has been destroyed. This is not the opinion of his fellow-townsmen in Seattle who have known him all his life, nor of his associates in the Cabinet, nor of the President himself. At a recent banquet tendered to Secretary Ballinger at the Arctic Club in Seattle, attended by more than six hundred prominent business and professional men, he was given a reception which any public man might well have envied. He had the pleasure also of hearing the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, make this statement,

During the fourteen years I have served in the Cabinet I have met no man who has given more conscientious attention to duty, whose integrity and loyalty has been of a higher order than that of Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior.

One good result may be expected from the Gore investigation and its disclosure that the Indians of that State have been obliged to pay enormous legal fees to secure their rights. The venerable chief of the 18,000 Choctaws, in his testimony before the committee, put the blame where it belonged when he related how his tribe, year after year, had waited for the government to perform its obligations, and how in order to secure their long-deferred payment the Indians had been compelled to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars for attorney's fees. The shameful story of this disgraceful remissness of the Federal government will be told in the next issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Uncle Sam, who is so busily engaged in smashing the railroads and busting the trusts, will find that some very serious charges are laid at his own door in connection with his wretched treatment of the wards of the nation.

The Early States as Signboards.

ON HIS recent visit to Maine, President Taft said that the people of that commonwealth, by holding their State elections in September, were imposing a double burden on themselves, for elections for President must be held in November in every State. Vermont also votes for State officers in September and, like Maine, elects members of Congress, the election in 1910 taking place on the sixth in Vermont and on the twelfth in Maine. They are the only States which choose members of Congress in any other month than November. A few Southern commonwealths elect State officers in other months, but their canvasses attract no attention outside of their borders.

In former times State elections spread themselves out from April to October and even in choosing presidential electors there was formerly a running fire of several weeks in many States. Thus it sometimes happened that some States would vote for President after the result of the canvass was known and consequently would lose much of their incentive for voting at all. A striking instance of this sort was seen in the campaign of 1844, when several States controlled by the Whigs were called upon to vote after Clay, their candidate, had been defeated. When Congress met in the short session immediately

afterward, it passed an act, which has been in operation ever since, assigning the Tuesday immediately following the first Monday in November in presidential years as the day on which every State should cast its ballots for presidential electors.

For many years the State elections held in October in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana in presidential years aroused national interest and great efforts were made by the campaign managers of both parties to carry them, for the "moral effect" which would thus be exerted in the voting for President a month later. The corruption, the expense and the disturbance of business which resulted in those States at last impelled their people to merge their State with the presidential elections in November. The last presidential year that these States voted in October for State officers was 1872 for Pennsylvania, 1880 for Indiana and 1884 for Ohio. Thousands of voters who go to the polls on November 8th, 1910, will recall times in which the October voting in those three States in presidential years was awaited with vast interest throughout the country. When Pennsylvania was carried by the Democrats in October, 1856, that State's alignment for Buchanan in November was assured and the Democrats throughout the country began to celebrate his election. When the Democratic-Greenback fusion won Maine in September, 1880, the country believed that the national tide was against the Republicans. With Grant and Conkling as star speakers, however, the Republicans concentrated on Ohio and Indiana, carried them in October and the current was turned. Garfield was elected, but only by a small plurality.

Oregon voted for State officers and congressmen in June until recently and thus was an object of much interest throughout the country in presidential years, but its elections now take place in November only. Vermont and Maine are the only States which are left to us of those whose canvasses could be used as "straws" to tell the direction and the force of the political winds in the years of congressional and presidential elections. On this account the country will await with interest the result in each of them in 1910.

Give the Railroads Fair Play.

THE VARIOUS railroads running out of New York into New Jersey are perfectly justified in advancing their commutation rates. So holds the Interstate Commerce Commission, after giving a careful hearing to the various commuters' organizations. The commuters were unable to produce anything to refute the strong *prima-facie* case presented by the roads. Vice-President Brownwell, of the Erie, called attention to the fact that the Erie had expended \$8,000,000 for improvements and that the 1910 increase in wages will amount to \$1,500,000 a year. President W. H. Truesdale, of the Lackawanna, created a sensation by stating that the Lackawanna had spent \$15,000,000 on the Morris and Essex division in ten years, while the net revenue from all sources for the division was but \$5,000,000, an annual loss of \$1,000,000. Against facts like these it was impossible for an impartial commission to do otherwise than pronounce the railroads entirely justified in advancing commutation rates.

New terminal facilities, the abolition of grade crossings, the erection along their lines of many larger and better stations, the increased cost of equipment and advances in wages constitute convincing evidence that the railroads be allowed to call upon commuters to pay a part of the increased expense. And commuters who have been traveling at cost or less than cost ought to be willing to pay more nearly their share. This is the first case tried by the Interstate Commerce Commission under the new railroad law of the last Congress, and the ease with which a decision was reached argues that possibly the railroads generally will likewise be able to impress the commission with the necessity of the advances of freight rates. A careful hearing of both sides of the case before a competent commission is calculated to reveal the fallacy and injustice of much of the popular outcry against the railroads.

The Tariff and the Cost of Shoes.

THAT there are other and larger causes than the tariff which affect prices finds convincing illustration in the advance in the price of shoes during the past year. The enemies of the Payne tariff would have the unthinking accept without question their dictum that all increases in the cost of living have been caused by the tariff. At the annual convention of the New England Shoe and Leather Association, held at Salem Willows, among the guests and speakers was Senator Lodge. The duties on hides and their products Senator Lodge discussed at length, describing the steps by which the duty on hides was removed and that on boots and shoes lowered. Figures were produced by him to show that, just before the passage of the Payne-

Aldrich bill, hides were quoted lower than after the bill became a law. This is conclusive evidence that, even with an entire removal of duty, it is possible for the price of a commodity to go up. And the reason of this is that the tariff is only one of a number of factors helping to regulate prices. The shoe manufacturers of New England did not need to be informed by Senator Lodge that the tariff could not in any sense be held responsible for the rise in the price of shoes, but there are many others who do need to be posted on points like this if they are to be able to answer successfully the campaign of falsehoods which has already been started.

The Plain Truth.

ANOTHER monthly magazine has gone the way of the world, under the stress of close and increasing competition. The failure of that very excellent monthly, the *Travel Magazine*, recently announced, will be regretted by all who have watched its career and its strenuous effort to get a foothold. It was edited with care, was readable and interesting and had every promise of success. Following the failure of *Van Norden's* and of the *Bohemian* and the absorption of *Putnam's* by the *Atlantic*, the change in the magazine field is noticeable. It indicates that the publication business can be overdone and that the superb success of a few has led to competition which has been more venturesome than profitable.

COLLECTOR WILLIAM LOEB, JR., of the Port of New York, is the type of man, the *Troy (N. Y.) Times* emphatically says, that should be named for the governorship by the Republicans of New York State. The moment Mr. Loeb's name was suggested, Republicans from all parts of the State prepared to get behind him and unite on his nomination. But for his absolute refusal to consider the matter he would have been assured of the place at the head of the State ticket this fall. The *Times* is right. Collector Loeb has shown by the remarkable executive ability, fairness and thoroughness with which he has managed the custom house at the greatest port of entry on the continent, the possession of the qualities that would well befit the Governor of the Empire State. A candidate of the Loeb type must be named if the party is to win. The admonition of the *Times* is timely and impressive.

ACCORDING to the news dispatches, sudden riches are flowing in upon the rail-splitting farmers in the old Tennessee cedar district. In Lincoln's time the fences were made of cedar and as the world's supply is greatly reduced, the manufacturers of cedar lead pencils are offering to the farmers of Tennessee for their old cedar fences "what their forefathers would have considered fabulous sums." Is it possible that these trust-busting, railroad-smashing farmers, who have been bitterly denouncing the owners of tainted wealth, are willing to accept these "fabulous prices" for worn-out cedar fences? Of course it is. Human nature is the same the world over. The farmers are entitled to all that they can get for their cedar fences. The more they can get from the pencil-makers the more they will have to spend for the necessities of life and the adornments of their home. We are glad of it. Let us all be happy together. But what will the muck-rakers say?

TO RAISE \$27,000,000 for the relief of a depleted treasury, the *New York Sun* says that the Federal government imposed a corporation tax and applied it to a "single class of citizens, those who have associated themselves for business under forms of partnership chartered by the State governments." Our luminous contemporary comments upon the fact that the same Congress which enacted a measure of doubtful constitutionality to extract \$27,000,000 from the pockets of selected citizens voted directly into the "pork barrel" \$27,000,000 and \$27,000,000 more for river and harbor and public building appropriations, "notoriously measures of political graft, designed in the great part to assist the statesmen in their district at the approaching Congress elections." All of this has the candor of truth, but the *Sun* might well have added a word of admonition to the corporate interests themselves. What are they doing to check the malevolent spirit of the times? A very distinguished legal mind, a gentleman who held a high place in the Federal administration not long ago, in a letter to the writer recently said, "The supineness, timidity and blindness of the property classes in America pass my comprehension. Unless the business men get together for their own protection—and that speedily—the political developments of the next few years can be prophesied with more accuracy than at any time in my experience." These prophecies were plainly set forth, but are not for publication.

Mayor Gaynor of New York Falls by an Assassin's Hands



COMING UP THE GANGPLANK OF THE STEAMSHIP "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE" AT HER PIER IN HOBOKEN, N. J.

Mayor Gaynor (1), his son (2), and newspaper men boarding the Atlantic liner.



TALKING WITH HIS SON.

The Mayor, after having his baggage carried to his compartment, strolled out on the deck with his family, where they were met by some of his political friends.



JUST BEFORE THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE.

Mr. Gaynor stood conversing with the President of Chili when the assassin leveled his gun at the Mayor's head and fired.

When on the morning of August 9, Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York, was shot in the right side of the neck while he was preparing to sail for Europe on the steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* from Hoboken, the whole world was shocked and sorrow-stricken. The assassin, who gives his name as James J. Gallagher, and says he is a former employe of the Dock Department, Manhattan, gave as a reason for the shooting that he had been discharged from the department to reduce expenses and he shot to "get even."

Copyrighted by Paul Thompson.



SUBDUING THE ASSAILANT.

A furious crowd of sailors and friends forcing the frenzied assassin into submission. Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards (2) struck the pistol from Gallagher's (1) hand and prevented the former dock employe from doing further damage.

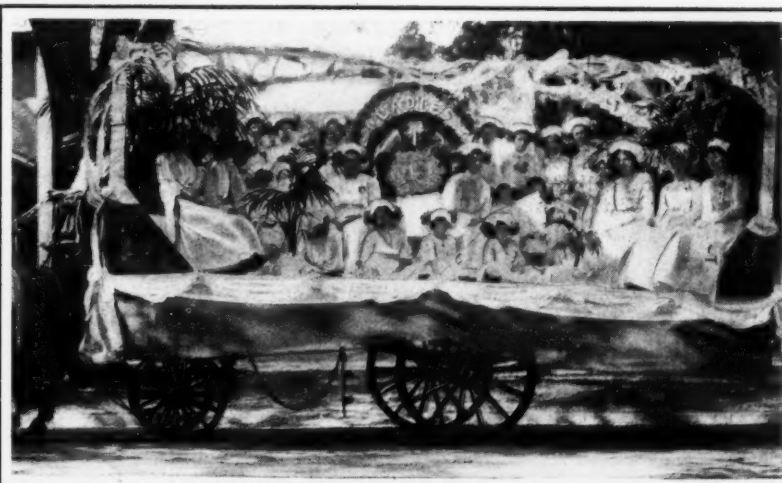
Sidelights on the World's Work



WHEN THE OLD BOYS COME BACK.

The spectacular street parade during the opening day of the carnival on July 24. This view shows the famous fire-alarm tower which will be raised when the Barge Canal Improvement is completed.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., CELEBRATES OLD HOME WEEK.



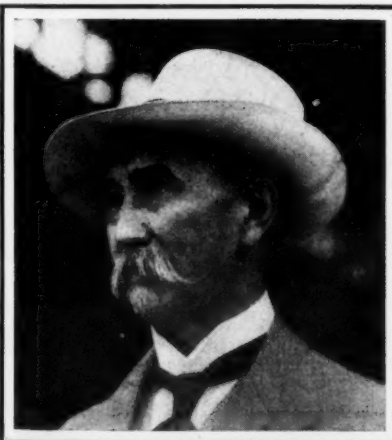
THE FLOAT THAT WON FIRST PRIZE.

The United Commercial Travelers' barge in the Lockport Old Home Week parade on the closing day. This exhibit was awarded first honors for the best decorated ladies' float.



A BI-CENTENNIAL PAGEANT AT NEW BERN, N. C.

The floral parade, one of the striking features of this historical celebration, passing through the streets of New Bern, July 25.



JAPAN TO STUDY THE AMERICAN FARMER.

Baron Kanetake Oura, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, of Japan, who arrived recently in this country to investigate industrial and agricultural methods.



CHILI'S PRESIDENT VISITS THE UNITED STATES.

Pedro Montt, President of Chili; Mrs. Montt, and Major W. H. Carter seeing the sights of the metropolis. President Montt was enthusiastic in his expression of the wonderful progress made in the United States since his last visit twenty years ago.

People Talked About



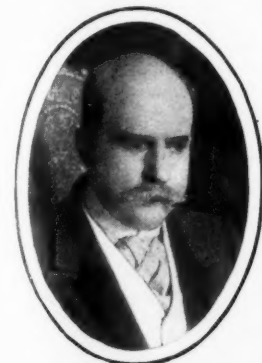
WARREN G. HARDING.
The eminent editor who was nominated by the Republican party for Governor of Ohio.

is a public speaker of prominence. As an editor he has had no small influence on the politics of his State. He "had the convention" from the start. He led on the first two ballots and was nominated on the third. During the career of ex-Senator Foraker, Mr. Harding was known as an ardent admirer of the Senator, but of late years he has not been actively allied with any faction of the party. He had been mentioned for the governorship a number of times, but had given way to others whom he deemed fitted for the post. Mr. Harding was born in Ohio, forty-three years ago. He was educated in the public schools and at Ohio Central College, at Iberia. He taught school one year and studied law one year and then went into newspaper work. He was elected to the State senate in 1889, that being his introduction to politics. He was Lieutenant-Governor under Myron T. Herrick.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.
After fourteen years of leadership of the Democratic party, the great commoner is repudiated and deposed.—Copyright by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

comparative political oblivion. No longer shall he be known as the Perennial Candidate. By decisive votes the convention registered its unbelief in his present policies, after listening to his impassioned appeal for local option on the liquor question. Of late years Mr. Bryan's policies have been of the chameleon type.



CHARLES P. BRYAN,
Our minister to Belgium, whose entertainments are as notable as his diplomatic work.
Mrs. C. R. Miller.

accredited and his hospitality has been accepted by many of the world's most notable people—especially men of letters. The famous ball which he gave in Lisbon in honor of King Carlos and Queen Amelia, shortly before the assassination of the former, was the principal social event of the Portuguese capital that season. Our legation in Brussels is fast becoming famous for its original entertainments and our minister is already in high favor with the Belgian court. Colonel Bryan's bearing, while dignified and courtly, is suggestive of that simplicity and graciousness of manner indicative of the true American and which wins for him the respect of all who come in contact with him, either socially or in business.

NEWSPAPER MEN—those keen-sighted, calm-eyed observers of things and events—are each year becoming more than molders of popular opinion. They are taking political office themselves and practicing what they preach. One of the latest to be drafted from the ranks of the press to exalted office is Warren G. Harding, whom the Republicans of Ohio have nominated as candidate for the governorship of that State. Mr. Harding is editor and proprietor of the *Marion Evening Star*. He

FOURTEEN years ago an unknown young man rose on the platform of a Democratic convention and by the very charm of his oratory almost immediately won for himself the leadership of the party. For many years "the cross of gold and crown of thorns" speech was remembered as a remarkable piece of campaign oratory. A speech made William Jennings Bryan, and year after year he paid his party not in deeds, but in speeches. But a speech could not save him. On July 26th, at Grand Island, Neb., he sank into

WHEN President Taft transferred Colonel Charles Page Bryan from Lisbon to be our minister at Brussels, those who were familiar with this diplomat's career realized that merit had again been recognized and that Colonel Bryan was advancing to the front rank of our service. He has had a long and varied experience as our representative at foreign courts and every post has been filled with unusual ability. He has always maintained a beautiful home in the country to which he is

ON A SALARY of two hundred and fifty dollars for a year of forty-two weeks, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young started her career in the capacity of high-school teacher. She was seventeen years old then. Little did she think at that time that at the age of sixty-five she would be one of the most remarkable figures in the educational world. To-day she is superintendent of Chicago's public-school system and president of the National Education Association. In both of those positions she is the first woman incumbent. She has in her charge, in Chicago, 279,000 boys and girls. She is the executive of an organization made up of more than a thousand of the country's foremost teachers. She was professor of education in Chicago University for five years and principal of the Chicago Normal School. Just after the recent Johnson-



MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG,
The distinguished educator who believes that boxing as an exercise is healthful for men and boys in good physical condition.

Jeffries controversy, when reports were first issued that several cities had put a ban on the moving pictures of the exhibition, she said, "I don't see how we can very well disapprove of boxing when a former President of the United States indulges in boxing with a fighter especially engaged for that purpose. Boxing as an exercise is healthful for men and boys who are in good physical condition. I approve of it in the physical development of boys; therefore I do not see why the moving pictures of boxing exhibitions should be suppressed as long as they are not in conflict with the law. As for the pictures of the Johnson-Jeffries fight, if the alleged brutal or distasteful portions are eliminated, I see no objection to showing them as boxing exhibitions."

SAND modeling at Atlantic City has become an extensive business and a score or more of artists of all ages are busy each day modeling figures in the sand and incidentally pocketing the coins tossed them from the boardwalk by sight-seers. The most remarkable of these workers is Owen Golden, of Philadelphia. When but seven years of age he lost his right arm. He soon learned to make the left arm do the work of both. At first he took to sketching and finally went to Atlantic City, where his beach sketches became popular. When the novelty of this wore off and sand modeling became the fashion, he tried his hand in that art. His originality was shown two years ago, when he modeled heroic figures of both Taft and Bryan. Under them he wrote, "Take your choice. Ladies may vote here."



OWEN GOLDEN,
Whose work in sand sculpture is one of the chief attractions at Atlantic City.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.

ITALY thought that the socialistic views of Orestes Ferrara were a bit too radical for a self-respecting monarchy, so the government intimated that foreign travel might prove interesting to him. It was further intimated, in form of proclamation, that said O. Ferrara need not hurry back. That, of course, made it incumbent on the exile to settle somewhere else. He decided upon Cuba. He resided there very quietly for a while, until the revolution of 1906 furnished him with an adequate background for his activities. He became prominent in the struggle and the official orator of the oppressed. During the American occupation, Governor Magoon sent him as a peace commissioner to The Hague conference. Not being popular there, he bounced back, not at all crestfallen. When Señor Gomez was in the presidential chair, Orestes Ferrara became speaker of the house of representatives. Whether he ever met our Uncle Joe at Washington, or read about him, we know not, but certainly he makes a splendid miniature of that able statesman. When the Cubans wax factious and wish to demonstrate the meaning of the phrase, "You can't fool me," they say, "Why don't you try to tell it to Ferrara?"—for he handles the gavel with zeal and patriotic ingenuity. Recently he threatened to resign, as he did not want to sanction a bill to raise representatives' salaries from thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars a year.



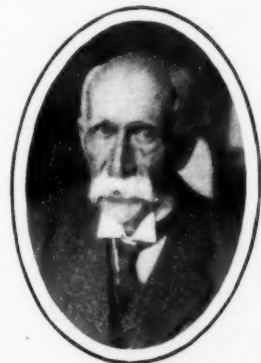
ORESTES FERRARA,
The Speaker of the Cuban House of Representatives, who is a potent factor in the republic's politics.

THE FAULTS of the day are many and the greatest of these is our impatience. That is the opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the most important church dignitary in Great Britain. Impatience and hurry are what we suffer from each day, he thinks. In every department of life people are striving for "short cuts" toward solutions which they want to reach. Anxious problems are being faced in a spirit which is surely a new one and a dangerous one—a spirit of hot impatience. "It is wholesome," he says, "to be hotly intolerant of wrong; but intolerance of wrong will not usually solve great perplexities by itself. Patience has a foremost place in a sustained effort to maintain these things. To-day's temptation is speed rather than thoroughness." It is a sane message that the archbishop preaches.



ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
We must be patient in solving our great problems, says the English prelate. We hurry too much.

DAVID RANKIN, JR., a month ago four times a millionaire and rated one of the richest men in St. Louis, is today without one cent of his vast fortune. But as he sits smiling contentedly in a small room over a grocery store in the heart of the city, five hundred boys are laying the foundations of an education that will make them desirable citizens with good incomes. David Rankin's fortune is gone, but in its place is the David Rankin, Jr., School of Industrial Arts. When a foreigner in America, young Rankin found it difficult to get a job. Mr. Rankin was born in Ireland seventy-five years ago. He went to St. Louis in 1862. His fortune was due to his foresight in buying city lots and his tenacity in holding on to them. He is unmarried. During his entire residence in St. Louis he has appeared in public but seldom. As old age crept on he gradually retired from the hurly-burly altogether. He had been practically forgotten when he amazed the city by announcing the donation of his entire fortune. Through arrangement with the trustees of the school, Mr. Rankin gets enough annually out of his millions to keep him until he dies.



DAVID RANKIN, JR.,
The millionaire who has given his entire fortune to educational work and is now a poor man.



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THE FATHER OF MODERN MEXICO.
President Porfirio Diaz. From his second election to the presidency in 1884, his fame has acquired an enduring form. He is much beloved by his countrymen.

to ascertain the truth from those favorable and unfavorable articles on Mexico that fill the newspapers and magazines of the United States. Let us assume that the investigator possesses the requisites that make his race powerful—a clear mind, and unbiased; a vigorous will power, which makes almost all Americans merit the motto, "I will," that appears on the coat-of-arms of an old English town; a firm spirit of justice, acute sensibility for all that refers to "superior life," reduced to a minimum in matters of business, which inspired Huret's phrase, "Americans in life are like soldiers in war."

Why—the investigator would ask himself—why does Mexico's credit stand so high in the money markets of Europe and of this country, and why do the bonds of its public debt hold first place in the quotation of bonds of the Latin-American republics, many of which are enjoying renowned prosperity? The four per cent. Mexican bonds were quoted at par in London the latter part of December, 1909, advancing six points in the course of one year, while bonds, bearing a like interest, of progressive Argentina, were quoted at 99.60 and those of wealthy Brazil at 90.90. In the last loan negotiated by Mexico, redeemable in fifty years, the bankers did not require special guarantees, as the good name of the republic was considered sufficient.

Why does capital, seeking safe and profitable investment, go to Mexico, as is proven by the \$600,000,000 which is estimated to represent the capital of the United States, and the £135,000,000, English capital, invested in the Mexican republic? Why were there twenty-three companies organized in London within the first five months of this year, which are now doing business in Mexico and have a capital of 3,590,000 pounds sterling?

Financial and business men, before investing their money in bonds and industrial enterprises—the investigator would answer—must have inquired beforehand into the existing conditions of the country and gone over the ground where they meant to do business; consequently they must have verified the

Has Mexico Been Unjustly Attacked?

THE TRUE FACTS REGARDING THE MARVELOUS PROGRESS ATTAINED BY MEXICO DURING THE LAST DECADE

By His Excellency, the Mexican Ambassador, Senor Don Francisco L. de la Barra

LET US imagine a man of the average higher class of American, desirous of investigating the real conditions existing in my country, with a view

following facts before venturing their money in the industries of the southern republic:

First, the Mexican nation is rich and prosperous. It is the first among the silver-producing countries and the third among those producing copper. The production of gold, which was hardly \$2,000,000 in 1891, amounted to over \$45,000,000 during the fiscal year 1907-8. Petroleum deposits now make up a new and abundant source of wealth. Agricultural products are constantly increasing, due to the great irrigation works that are under way and to the use of modern methods. The industrial development is manifestly prosperous. In the fiscal year 1908-9—to mention an instance at random—the cotton mills produced nearly seventeen millions of pieces.

Second, the Mexican government contributes cautiously and patriotically to the development of public wealth, and by its honest and able administration constantly improves the economic conditions of the nation. To prove these assertions, it suffices to mention: Our banking legislation, which that dis-

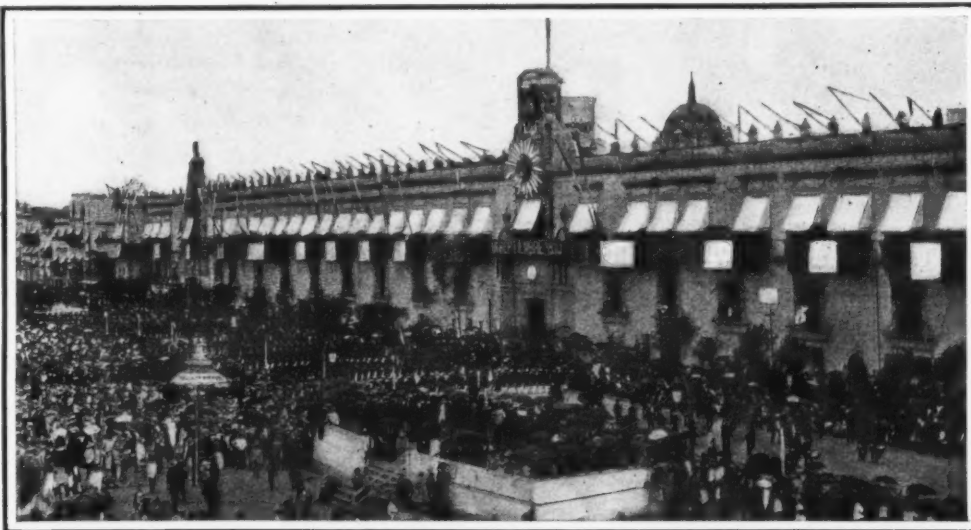
ernment; the works of Salina Cruz and Puerto Mexico—the terminals of the Tehuantepec Railroad—on which the government has expended about 65,000,000 pesos.

Third, the laws of Mexico are just and the courts apply them equitably and promptly. A deficiency in this requisite, which makes up the guarantee to enjoy civil life, would not explain the influx of foreign capital.

Fourth, in their rapid evolution the Mexican people are advancing in the path of real progress, under the protection of peace, which is not imposed forcefully, but upheld by the sane elements of the country. The truth of this was felicitously expressed by President Diaz in a toast he delivered at a banquet tendered to him by seventeen hundred of the best representatives of the republic in all walks of life. "Fortunately," he said, "peace has become the natural ambient in which we live; it has become part of the creed of the Mexican people; it is everybody's ardent desire and is supported by schools, railroads, factories, banks and industrial enterprises, as well as by all social classes for their own welfare."

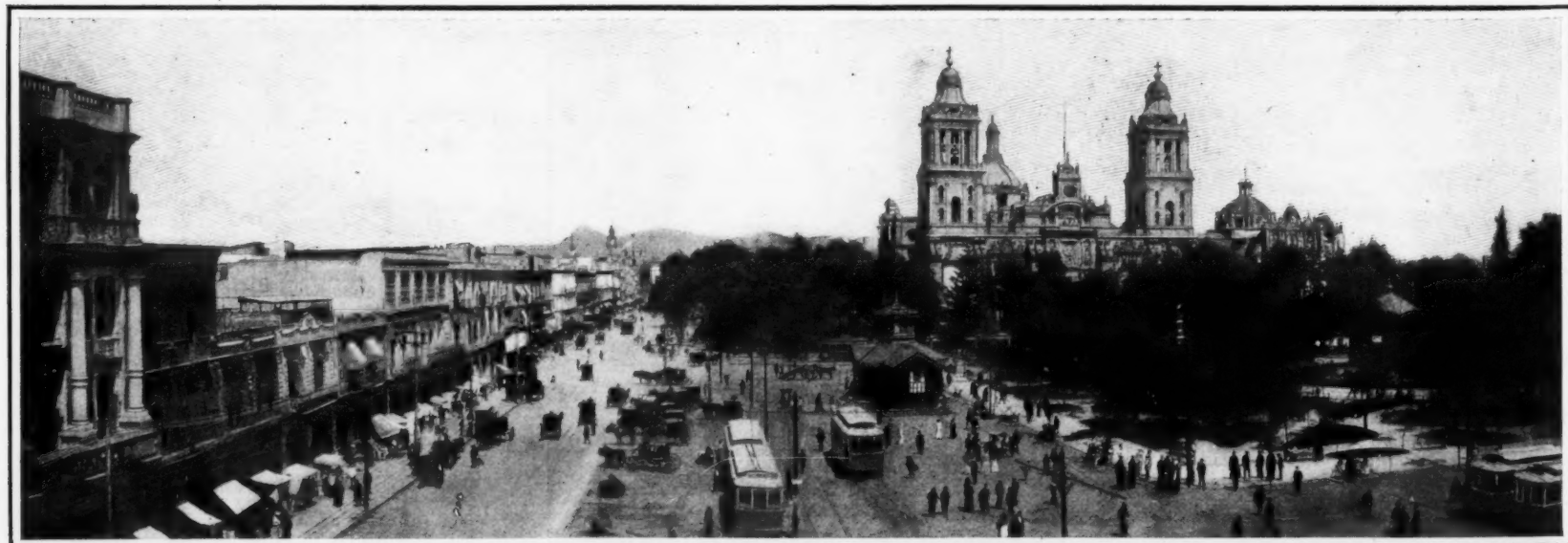
The work accomplished by the people in the last thirty years appears to the mind in a concrete form when you consider the role assumed by President Diaz in this rapid evolution. General Diaz, the creator, so to speak, of modern Mexico, in his wise, honest and patriotic work, surrounded by men of skill as his collaborators, has shaped the course of events, made use of all which is profitable and set ideals for his people.

Upon closing this review, the American investigator might draw the logical conclusions that result from the statement of the facts mentioned, and would undoubtedly acknowledge that, although there are still some baffling political, social and economic problems—and this is true of all countries—many already have been solved and others are well under way. Furthermore, if he were to study the statistics, carefully and free from prejudice, he would discover our present vital forces, because one may apply to nations that old profound maxim of the Bible, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"



THE HOME OF THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT.
The National Palace in the City of Mexico. On the facade hangs the bell of Dolores, the Liberty bell. This photograph shows the annual parade on Mexico's Independence Day, September 16th, the day on which the patriot Hidalgo, in 1810, marched out of Dolores.

tinguished expert, Charles A. Conant, discusses in a praiseworthy manner in his very interesting book, entitled "The Banking System of Mexico," published by the National Monetary Committee of the United States Senate; the skillful manner in which the interior custom taxes at state lines were abolished, and the able way in which the gold standard was established in 1904, with beneficial results; the surplus, made up of the balances left on hand in the treasury from year to year, that has reached the sum of 136,000,000 pesos, of which over 71,000,000 pesos have been expended in useful public improvements; the consolidation, during the financial world crisis, of the most important Mexican railways, now comprising 7,843 miles of road and constantly increasing by valuable additions, into one company of 470,000,000 pesos, of which the majority of the outstanding stock belongs absolutely to the Federal gov-



THE HEART OF THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC.
On the Plaza de la Constitucion, Mexico City. The famous Mexican cathedral at the right.

With Six Hundred and Fifty Globe-girdlers

A STUDY OF THE COLLECTIVE AMERICAN

By Rev. Francis E. Clark

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this unusual travel paper is a well-known Boston clergyman, and the president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. He made a special trip around the world to attend the last annual convention of the society in India and contributes in this article a keen-sighted, good-natured and amusing study of his fellow American as a traveler. His story takes the form of a delightful series of charming vignettes.



I HAVE recently been in the heart of a little floating city of over a thousand inhabitants. Steamer chairs were to the right of me, steamer chairs to the left of me, steamer chairs in front of me, steamer chairs behind me; for six hundred and fifty free-born Americans were going around the

world together on the same huge vessel, which was officered and manned by four hundred and fifty free-born Germans. Such an experience I had never before enjoyed, nor, indeed, had any one else, for this was the first time in the history of navigation that the same passenger steamship had carried a company of excursionists from New York to San Francisco. In previous journeys around the world, at the call of Christian Endeavor conventions in many lands, I have had to transship myself and traveling impedimenta at least a dozen times from one vessel to another. On this occasion I put my steamer trunk in my cabin at Hoboken and did not take it out until we reached the city of the Golden Gate. Not only did six hundred and fifty Americans take the Eastbound cruise from New York to San Francisco, but seven hundred and fifty more Americans were waiting to take their place on the return journey from San Francisco to New York, and are now in the far East.

No better chance did one ever have to study the collective American. He came from nearly forty different States. New England, the middle States, the interior, the far West and South, all were well represented. One heard the soft and fascinating drawl of Alabama, the harder and crisper accent of Maine, the peculiar substitution of "ui" for "r" in the gentleman from the Hudson River as he politely remarked, "You fuist, ladies," and the more expansive utterance of the gentleman from the banks of the Kaw and the Big Muddy. Some particular localities were notably represented. Cleveland, attracted perhaps by the name of our ship, sent thirty delegates. Pittsburgh was well represented. Wichita, Kan., had no less than ten world-girdlers to carry back to the prairies marvelous tales of the deep; and even Skowhegan, Me., was not left out of the passenger list. Many organizations, too, were largely represented. The Masons had a large delegation, and the Elks as well. The Daughters of the American Revolution were much in evidence, and nearly a hundred Endeavorers, many of them bound for the great World's Christian Endeavor Convention, at Agra, India, formed themselves into the "Floating Society of the Cleveland."



THE MOST CELEBRATED BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THE WORLD. The magnificent entrance to the great Shwagadagon Pagoda of Rangoon.

Of course, among so many, there were specimens of the genus Bore and the genus Dunce. There were some "Bromidians" and some who were evidently born in Boeotia. There were some who "knew it all" without being told, a few "smart Alecks" and a few braggarts who were continually informing us that "America is the best country the Lord ever made," that "our navy could wipe up the sea with all the ships these Dagos and Dutchmen can build," and that they "wouldn't swap little old New York for all the bloomin' cities on the face of the earth." Having made this confession, I want to hasten to add that, on the whole, this company of typical Americans, gathered from almost every State of the Union and representing every profession, every business and every creed, was as sane and sensible and likeable a set of people as one could gather together in any part of the world. They constituted an America in miniature—Easterner, Westerner, Northerner, Southerner; but all Americans, ambitious, eager, good-natured, virile, bound to get all they could out of life and to leave no cup of sensation untasted, but to do all this in a kindly, generous and honorable way.

To be more specific. Their thirst for information seemed insatiable. After every port at which we landed there was a "Travel Club," and the largest dining-room was crowded to the utmost with a throng of perspiring citizens, the mercury in the nineties and the electric fans buzzing like huge dragon flies in their vain efforts to mitigate the heat. Here they would sit for a full hour, exchanging impressions of the place they had visited, eager to assimilate and to jot down in their notebooks any scrap of information which a fellow-passenger had acquired. Most of

them, I am glad to say, were more ready to gain than to give information, and seemed inspired with a genuine desire to make the most of their travel opportunities. Only one man felt it his duty to enlighten his fellow-passengers on every possible occasion, and his contributions were of such a nature that his weary companions by unmistakable signs, showed themselves ready to dispense with them.

In addition to the Travel Club, one or more lectures in advance prepared us for the countries we were about to visit, and no lecturer, however dull (I confess to having given two of the lectures myself), ever failed of a large and attentive audience. Books of travel and information were at a premium on the Cleveland and seemingly far more in demand than the latest novel. The average American, if my fellow-travelers proved anything, was a very acquisitive person; but not

(Continued on page 166.)

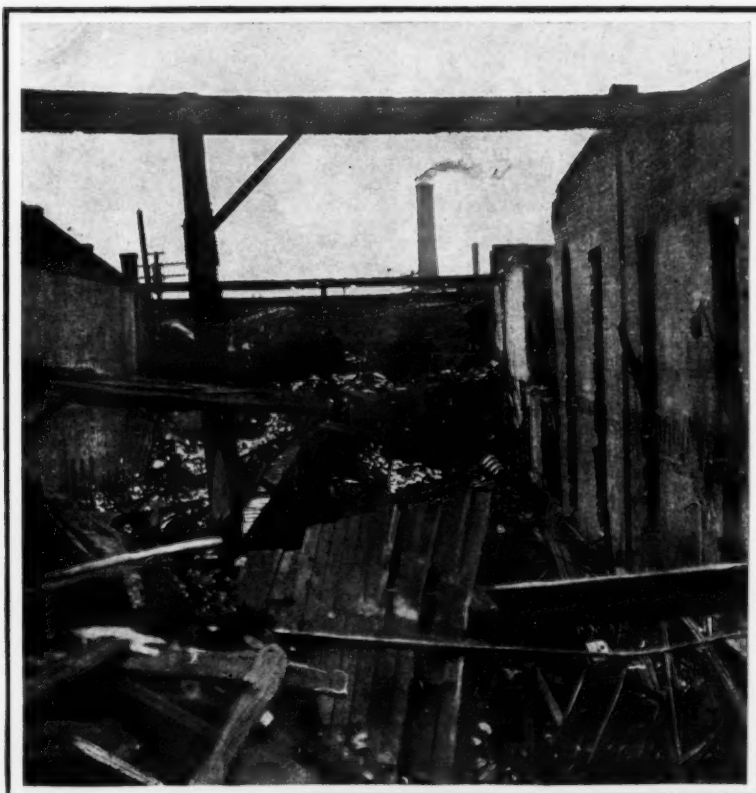


WASH DAY IN BATAVIA.



WASHINGTON MEMORIAL FOR FRANCE.

Houdon statue which stands in the rotunda of the State Capitol of Richmond, Va., and the commission lately appointed by the Governor to deliver a bronze replica to the French government. Copyright by H. C. Mann.



WHERE FIVE FIREMEN WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED.

On July 24, a terrific explosion, which startled the city of Cincinnati, was followed by a conflagration in the plants of the Cincinnati Oil Tank Co. and several other adjoining factories. A wall which buckled under the strain of the explosion fell and buried five firemen. All of the men were recovered by rescue parties. Natural gas is believed to have caused the explosion which precipitated the fire. The property loss is \$235,000.

INTERESTING NEWS EVENTS.



A MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS.

Pilgrims Memorial which was dedicated by President Taft at Provincetown, Mass., on August 5. Ex-President Roosevelt laid the corner-stone four years ago. The monument is a tower of granite, rising over 350 feet above the sea level. It cost \$90,000.

Where No President Had Ever Visited Before

EASTPORT, MAINE, JOGGED ALONG FOR OVER A CENTURY WITHOUT SEEING A CHIEF MAGISTRATE, BUT WAS NOT NAPPING WHEN MR. TAFT CALLED

By Robert D. Heintz



BEN HARRIS, OF EASTPORT, ME. He feared the town cannon might blow up because it was so ancient, so he got out his own cannon from his fishing dory and had a private volley for the President. Connor.

was enough compensation for the privilege of enjoying the grandeur of the natural scenery of Maine, "where the air is as exhilarating as champagne and the mountains dip into the sea." So thoroughly whole-souled was this impromptu reception that on the fifth day the President deserted his yacht and went inland to a memorable meeting with the people of Bangor, one of the liveliest and most progressive cities in New England. He struck a fine note by recalling names there which have made the Pine Tree State stand forth—Blaine, Reed, Hannibal Hamlin, Dingley, William Pitt Fessenden, Senators Frye and Hale. Rockland was the last city to do honor to the nation's chief during the Maine visit.

But the Eastporters started the welcome. When they learned that the *Mayflower* was to be anchored in the Bay of Fundy, right in their shadow, there was an urgent invitation for the President to come ashore. It said that the citizens of this sturdy American outpost had fought through two great wars with distinction, that no chief executive had ever visited them and they desired the privilege of showing the President what sort of Yankees had been born and bred in sight of the British flag just across the bay.

The day will not soon be forgotten when news bounded along the village street that Mr. Taft had accepted the invitation. A Vice-President *pro tem.* had called there, but when word flashed that the President was coming, there was a hubbub such as the place has seldom seen. Almost before daybreak the morning of the big event, Water Street echoed with the rumbling of the town cannon, which was being taken with all speed to the blacksmith shop for a final looking over. Young bloods argued that the field piece, a muzzle loader, cast somewhere back in the Thirties, would not stand firing. A corporal's guard from Meade Post No. 40, G. A. R., who were chaperoning the gun on its early morning journey,

brooked no interference. The President of the United States was coming to town and he had to be properly saluted. If some of the veterans were blown up in the effort, it would not be the first time Eastporters had spilled blood for their country.

Ben Harris, plumb block and spar-maker by profession, after a critical inspection of the cannon, created consternation by declaring that the touch hole was entirely too small. Colonel Newcomb, of the militia, disagreed with him. Ben retorted that it was no time to take a chance. Whereupon he put to sea, yanked a one-pounder off his fishing dory and prepared a special saluting battery in case the other blew up. In the meantime several dry-goods stores which had a supply of flags and bunting were swooped upon the same as a hardware store would be raided in time of war. No man was too poor to have some national insignia before his door or window. Finally, with great *eclat*, the cannon was dragged to the wharf.

When Commander Low mustered his firing squad,



ADDRESSING HIS FRIENDS AT BANGOR. The President talking to residents of the Lumber City. Standing at his right are Secretary Norton and James Sloan, Jr., of the secret service.—Francis.



SALUTING THE PRESIDENT. The old soldiers of Eastport manned the town cannon in honor of Mr. Taft, the first chief executive to visit Eastport.—Connor.



MR. AND MRS. TAFT IN MAINE. The President speaking at Eastport, a town which marks the northeast corner of the United States. Copyright, R. C. Emery.

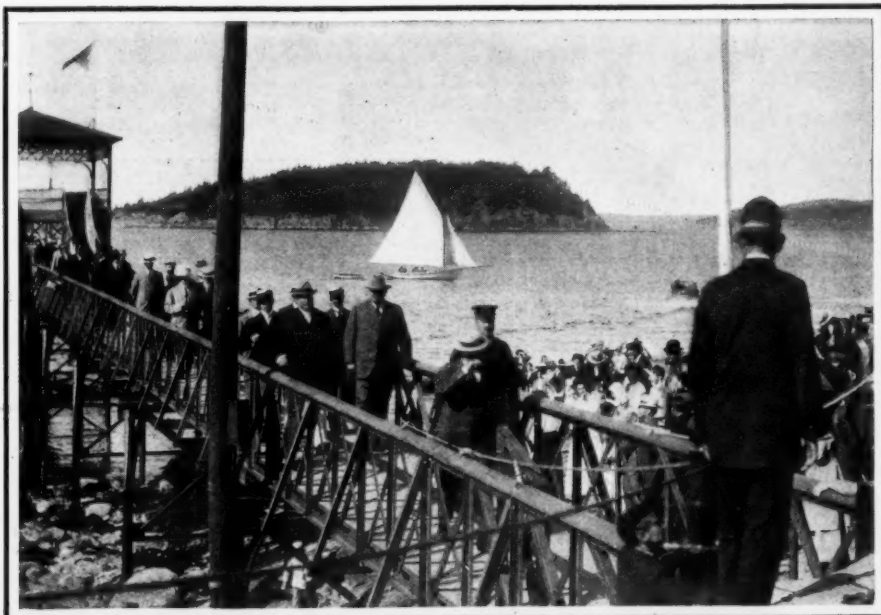
there were no signs of beardless youth. His men averaged seventy years, and John M. Spears, chief gunner, was seventy-seven. Of a sudden the gallant crew made out the *Mayflower* slowly coming up Passamaquoddy Bay, undoubtedly one of the most picturesque water stretches in the country. There was a hurried command. The old powder horn was called into play, a charge was rammed home, then there was a scampering of youngsters from the pier. The old field piece had not been discharged since the Civil War and there was no telling what would happen. A lookout spied the President leaving his ship. There was a hoarse order, "Fire, men!" and, boom! the old gun spoke the first of twenty-one times. It behaved perfectly. Mr. Taft probably never got a more hospitable reception than those folks gave him.

As the President came up the gang-plank there was at least one familiar sight. Stores were sold out of Taft pictures, so the enterprising committee hastily draped a picture which had appeared in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* a few days before. It was an excellent likeness of the President conversing with his old friend, Archie Fowler, of the *New York Sun*, the last man the former talked with before leaving Washington for the summer. Mr. Taft was much interested to learn that Eastport is where sardines come from. He was told that one of the two banks there did one million dollars' worth of this fish business last year and that three thousand dollars' worth of fish left Eastport each night on the "Sardine Express." Some of the uncertainties of sardine fishing were explained to him. There is a twenty-eight-foot rise and fall of tide in the Bay of Fundy and specially constructed wooden picket inclosures are staked out in the water to gather in the fish. Last season a man erected an inclosure in what he supposed to be excellent fishing territory, but got nothing. He deplored his loss and for a time failed

(Continued on page 166.)



DID HE COME TO SEE TAFT? A large moose swam ashore at Eastport not long before the President arrived. It was an unusual sight even for the down Maine country.—Griffin.



COMING ASHORE AT BAR HARBOR. The Maine trip was planned as a vacation for the President, but the eager enthusiasm of the Yankees captured Mr. Taft and almost before he knew it he was busy addressing the great crowds that thronged to greet him.—Francis.



THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE AIR LINE.

John Davis, superintendent of cableways. There is a whole third act of melodrama for the layman when Davis's men throttle one of the ponderous seven-ton blocks of concrete in the clutch of great grappling hooks and send it on its hurtling way across the cables.

But when you arrive at the dam and find yourself in the heart of the work, indifference turns to enthusiasm. You are in a thriving, progressive town in miniature, at a first glance; at a second, the center of an enormous enterprise—the stronghold of a fifteen-million-dollar army, fighting one of the most stupendous battles that the industrial world has ever known.

Lying snug in a natural amphitheater in the Esopus valley, guarded by the soaring Catskills, the working-ground of twenty-five hundred men looks like the inside of an enormous beehive that has gone inventive-mad and adopted the modern mechanics of man. The place swarms with life. The hum of busy workers, the creak of a hundred derricks, the shriek of engines, the bump and jar of steel buckets, the braying of mules, the kaleidoscopic dialects of a dozen nations, all combine to make a clanging symphony of toil.

There is something unusual in the atmosphere at Brown Station—a kind of aura of personal responsibility and personal striving that tingles in the air and makes the mere visitor feel more of a non-combatant than an observer. Every man faces each day with enthusiasm, determined to break a record; every man finishes the week either mad or glad, as he has broken or failed to break a record. This individual striving runs through the whole of the twenty-five hundred men, from the negro mule driver to the engineer in charge of a division. Records are being broken every day—world records are being established often enough to prevent monotony. The project is in itself a record. Nothing bigger of the sort has ever been done. Its nearest competitor as regards the extent of the dam itself is the Assouan dam, on the Nile; but that is for irrigation purposes, while the Ashokan dam is designed to supply New York with a little matter of five hundred million gallons of water a day from its hundred and twenty seven billion gallons which will be held in the reservoir.

THE LARGEST RESERVOIR OF DRINKING WATER IN THE WORLD.

To build a crescent-shaped wall which will make the Ashokan reservoir the largest lake of drinking water in the world and the fourth largest water system ever built, the fifteen-million-dollar army must erect a dam, 1,000 feet long, 190 feet wide at the base, twenty-six feet wide at the top, 251½ feet high, which shall contain 550,000 cubic yards of cyclopean masonry; they must raise a dike, 19,064 feet long, which shall contain 280,000 cubic yards of concrete and 7,055,000 cubic yards of earth embankment. The concrete will make up a core wall, seventy-five feet high, ten feet wide at the base and five feet wide at the top. This core wall will be strongly reinforced by earth embankment on both sides of it.

The dam and parts of the wall known as North Wing and West Dike will cross the Esopus valley to the dividing weir and form the west basin. The east and middle parts of the dike will cross the Beaverkill stream, join the dividing weir and form the east basin. In addition to this construction work it will be necessary to remove 2,800 bodies from thirty-five cemeteries, to destroy the villages of Olive Branch, Brown Station, Olive Bridge, Shokan, Brodhead's Bridge, West Shokan and Boiceville; and to strip, clear and burn 8,192 acres. When this is done, the cost of the labor expended on the dam and the reservoir will be over \$15,000,000.

THE ORGANIZATION.

It is the "human" element, however, that appeals to the layman—the men behind the work, the

THE RECORD-SMASHERS

HOW ONE OF THE MOST MARVELOUS ENGINEERING BATTLES IN THE HISTORY OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD IS BEING FOUGHT OUT IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

By T. F. Clark

EDITOR'S NOTE:—New York City is building the most costly reservoir for drinking water ever constructed in the world. For the purpose of supplementing the present sources and of putting the city's water supply on a secure basis this municipality is developing the watersheds in the Catskill Mountain region, ninety-two miles north of the metropolis. The estimated cost of the construction necessary to obtain this additional water is \$162,000,000. The reservoir will supply 500,000,000 gallons of water daily. The total available capacity of the new supply will be about 127,000,000,000 gallons. The volume of water impounded will be sufficient to cover Manhattan Island to a depth of about twenty-eight feet. The reservoir will have a length of about 12 miles and an average width of about one mile. Its shore line will be about 40 miles in length. In connection with its construction, 30 miles of new highway will be built and seven small villages will be removed. More interesting, however, than these facts are the men behind this gigantic project. Mr. Clark, who has made a detailed study of the vast army of workers at Ashokan, describes in a most intimate way the personalities and forces behind the gigantic work.

NO ONE cares the proverbial tinker's cuss about the progress of the Ashokan dam, which is to give New York a practically inexhaustible supply of water. Every one says, "Oh, it's a big contract!" and lets it go at that.

master hands who control the various levers of this intricate human machine. The most stirring place on the whole work is the top of the main dam. Big stone from the quarry, small stone from the crusher, sand from the pit, concrete blocks from the block yard and loose concrete from the plant are all rushed to the cableways on the bank, one hundred feet above the great structure, and then swung on the cables over the gorge down to the surface of the dam. Here, dodging annihilation every hour of the day, Construction Superintendent J. F. Ham, fashioned like a skyscraper, places all the stone and concrete that are rained down upon him. There are half a dozen divisions engaged in feeding material to the insatiable Mr. Ham. Though they work like demons, they can't pour the stuff down too fast. His latest record—a world-beater, by the way—was made on April 23d last, when his 800 men placed 3,000 tons of masonry and concrete in eight hours. In the midst of this record-breaking turmoil, the superintendent was as imperturbable as ever and calmly imparted information as he dodged flying buckets, ducked lowering skips, scaled ladders and steered clear of impending derricks. He tells of the time,

pounds to thirty tons—swing portentously and whirl over the dam at the rate of 1,200 feet per minute.

John Davis, the man in charge of the air line, made a world record in aerial transportation on April 23d last, carrying the 3,000 tons of material that went to the making of Mr. Ham's record. There is a whole third act of melodrama for the layman when Davis's men throttle one of the ponderous seven-ton blocks of concrete in the clutch of great grappling hooks and send it on its hurtling way across the cables. First, in the signal tower an electric button is touched and the block rises; another signal, and the stone goes flying across the dam; still another, and the mass of harnessed destruction dangling in the air slows, stops, steadies and is still. Under absolute control of one little bell, the great, unwieldy bulk is lowered to its appointed place almost as deftly and easily as a mother cradles her baby.

MAKING STONES FOR THE BUILDERS.

Within a stone's throw of the cableways, is the "seasoning" yard. Here rows upon rows of snowy concrete blocks, piled one upon the other, are left to season for three months. The concrete plant's record for forms is 850 blocks in one week. Both yard and plant are connected with the cables by four narrow-gauge railway lines, operated by mule power. Every minute mules emerge from the dusty mill, trot out to the cableways with a low-trucked car loaded with a bucket of concrete or a block of the same material. They are then hitched to the cars of empty buckets and jog back to the mill for another load, passing and repassing in two steady streams.

The block yard and the mill are both in charge of C. P. Wood, "the best-looking man on the job" and a great specialist in concrete mixing. April 23d was a star day for Mr. Wood, also. On that day, with his men and mules continually on the jump, he mixed and sent to the cableways 1,180 yards of concrete, topping his own best and claiming a world's record. Another source of supply for the cableways and the dam is Yale Quarry, three miles away. Here Superintendent W. N. Anderson and his 250 men daily bombard the mighty wall of blue stone. Dynamite splits the wall and hurls the giant fragments down to the floor of the quarry, where ten steam derricks grapple and toss the loose stone into steel skips and then swing the skips on cars which are waiting to be loaded.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK.

The magnitude of the work they do cannot be grasped in the abstract, but it is brought home by the fact that if the 7,055,000 cubic yards of earth they have to handle to form the embankment were loaded on standard-gauge cars it would make up a train that would stretch from New York to San Francisco and back to St. Louis. Each of the three dike divisions has its own concrete mixing plant, derricks and single cableway. Superintendent M. F. Wood has charge of the middle dike. November 7th last he broke all records by mixing 440 yards of concrete in eight hours. This record is posted in big figures on the mixing plant. But on April 29th Superintendent C. H. Snead, in charge of West Dike, beat him with a record of 461 yards mixed and placed in the same time. The world championship, however, was promptly "swiped" back again two days later by Wood, with a record of 518 cubic yards.

Superintendent Wood is a Dreadnought type of man and the greatest hustler on the job. He values every second, and when one of his men, on a record-breaking day, turned the mixer eighteen revolutions instead of sixteen, thereby losing a few seconds on each batch, Wood broke a "language" record and the man had to be carried off the job and revived. Wood is also responsible for the excavation of the rocky aqueduct at the upper gateway, one of the most difficult and exacting tasks in the contract.

Superintendent of Teams Burnley is responsible for the 235 mules and their seventy or eighty colored drivers. He, too, had the record-smashing fever. He thinks his mules would take a prize at a beauty show, and he has reason for his pride in them. His record, however, is not for "beauty-doctoring"

(Continued on page 167.)



THE ESOPUS CREEK IN MIDSUMMER.

The water is then a little more than ankle deep. Compare this photograph with the one on page 161, showing the raging spring torrents.

forty years ago, when he was constructing dams with the help of derricks that were turned by hand and when the hoisting of a two-ton block was considered more of a feat than the hoisting of a ten-ton block is to day.

In the railroad yard on the steep bank above Mr. Ham's theater of action, four great cableways soar 200 feet above the dam and stretch in single spans of 1,538 feet each from the tops of four pyramidal towers, ninety feet in air, on the north bank of the Esopus, to the tops of four similar towers on the south bank. On these cables men, buckets, stone skips, steam engines, steam shovels, blocks of concrete—in fact, anything weighing from a hundred



THE CAMPING PLACE OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

The place swarms with life. When you arrive at the dam and find yourself in the heart of the work, indifference turns to enthusiasm. You are in a thriving, progressive town in miniature.

With Our Automobilists

EXAMINATIONS FOR NEW YORK'S CHAUFFEURS.

WHAT vehicles have the right of way in New York?

Answer: Automobiles.

What would you do if, when running parallel to a street car, the latter stopped to allow passengers to alight?

Answer: Drive along about my business.

What would you do if your car caught on fire?

Answer: Jump.

These are some of the answers submitted by the professional chauffeurs now undergoing the examination required under the new license law for automobiles, which went into effect in New York the first of August. These are typical of the foolish and ignorant replies to these simple questions, the correct answers to which are: "1. Ambulances and fire engines. 2. Drive slowly and sound the horn. 3. Turn off gasoline from the main tank." These results show more than anything that can be set forth that the law requiring professional drivers to know something about the use of the powerful gasoline and electric cars under their control while on the crowded thoroughfares, and to understand the rules of the road before they attempt to drive over them, has not been passed without good and sufficient cause. While there is a certain amount of comedy in the answer that automobiles have the right of way, the fact that a large number of owners as well as drivers of cars apparently hold that opinion has had much to do with the proposal and passing of the law which is being so heartily condemned by the chauffeurs who are obliged to take the examination.

About ten thousand motor drivers have been examined in New York City alone, and of this number about five hundred men have failed, although the examination, consisting of fifteen questions, was so simple that any man or woman who has driven a car for a month should be able to answer them. The large auditorium at Seventy-fourth Street and Broadway, engaged by Secretary of State Samuel S. Koenig, presented an interesting sight, with six hundred applicants for licenses seated at small school desks and applying themselves seriously. Some of the questions over which they puzzled were as follows:

"Of what use is a carburetor to a gasoline car? How can you detect when your engine loses compression? What would you do if, when climbing a hill, your brakes refused to catch and your gears refused to mesh? What would you do if, in ascending a hill at a high rate of speed, a car crossed your path from a crossroad? How would you ascertain the amount of gasoline in your tank at night? What are the rules of the road? What offense would justify a magistrate to revoke your license? How can you tell when your differential gear is out of order? How would you prevent skidding? What action would you take if you injured a person on the highway? What are the causes of your engine overheating? At what rate of speed are you permitted to drive? What is the cause of the rear tires wearing unevenly? How would you start your car if unable to turn the crank? What would you do if your engine stalled in the middle of a railroad



CHAUFFEURS PUZZLING OVER THEIR EXAMINATION PAPERS, EACH OF WHICH CONTAINED FIFTEEN QUESTIONS. Those who fail in these tests have their licenses revoked, and they are no longer able to drive automobiles in New York State.



A FOREIGN APPLICANT FOR A LICENSE TAKING AN ORAL EXAMINATION.

By these tests the Empire State hopes to eliminate all but the most competent chauffeurs.

track? What is the cause of smoke issuing from the exhaust pipe of a car? In what position would you leave your car at the curb? What precautions would you observe when driving near a fire hydrant and discharging passengers from your car?"

To prevent cribbing, fifty examiners to every six hundred applicants were delegated to walk up and

down the aisles between the rows of desks. Each chauffeur was given a special indelible pencil from the main office of the examination quarters. To prevent one set of chauffeurs from informing the applicants following concerning the examination, a different set of questions was given out at each examination. For the foreign chauffeurs, of which there are many French, German, Russian, Italian and Japanese, five interpreters were kept busily engaged.

"The men employed by large mercantile houses are the most difficult subjects for us to handle," said one of the officials at the examination headquarters. "The majority of

them are foreigners of the lowest type of intelligence. The new law will weed out an undesirable class of men, who, because of intemperance, dishonesty and general shiftlessness, have never been able to hold any other kind of a position. Heretofore men of this class became chauffeurs because the work is easy, entertaining and well paid. On the other hand, a number of drivers employed in private families are college boys, and the majority of American men applying for licenses here have had high-school educations, and many of them are skilled mechanics. While some of the questions asked in the examination are answered foolishly and a few of them not answered at all, a great many of the papers have gone through with every answer perfect."

That there should be no charge of unfairness in the examination, Secretary Koenig provided a board of examiners to take the oral replies from chauffeurs who, from nervousness or other reasons, were unable to give their replies on paper. Applicants unable to express themselves orally were given still another chance by making the demonstration of driving through the busy traffic under the watchful eye of an examiner. If he proved himself skillful in driving his car, intelligent in handling the various levers and brakes and in observing the rules of the road, his failure to respond to the questions did not prevent him from receiving his license.

A PUNCTURELESS AUTOMOBILE TIRE.

Consul Benjamin F. Chase, of Leeds, England, reports that an Englishman has invented the long-sought punctureless tire. This novelty is composed of an inextensible heavy canvas lining, the crown being packed with a puncture-proof material and placed between the outer cover and the inner tube of the ordinary pneumatic tire. The lining is so arranged as to cause a low pressure on the tread and more nearly equalize the pressure on the inner air tube. At the crown the lining is made the thickest and tapers to a very thin edge near the rim. From all outward appearances, this new invention looks like the ordinary tube. Strenuous tests have been given the tire by the inventor. Several gashes and cuts were made on the outer cover, extending through to the patent lining. With the tire in this condition, the inventor drove his car five hundred miles without a puncture. Wheels on the same machine, however, fitted with other tires, gave the usual tire difficulties. Tests on heavier cars have been likewise satisfactory.



THE CAPITOL AT CHEYENNE.

The main street through which the grand procession of cowboys and United States cavalry will escort the ex-President.



THE GATE TO CHEYENNE.

Colonel Roosevelt will be met at the railroad depot by a reception committee, but it is rumored that these officials will be swamped in the vast throng that will crowd to greet him.



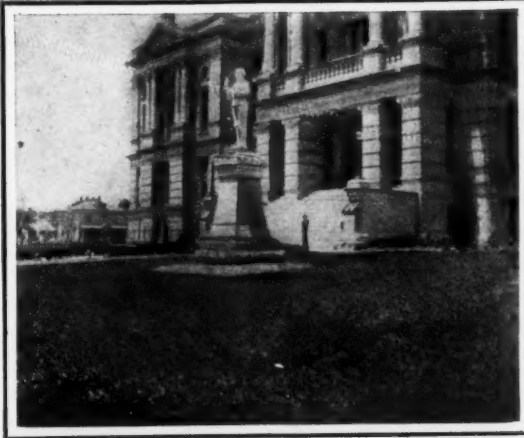
CHEYENNE'S SUPERB MUNICIPAL BUILDING.

This splendid new structure is typical of the architecture of the new West.



WHERE VAST THRONGS WILL GREET THE ROUGH RIDER.

Cheyenne's fine public park which will be given over to the city's guests during Mr. Roosevelt's visit.



THE EX-PRESIDENT WILL SPEAK FROM HERE.

The plaza in front of the capitol building where the most important public exercises will take place.

On August 27, ex-President Roosevelt will deliver his long-awaited address during the Frontier Day's Celebration at Cheyenne, Wyo. It is believed that Colonel Roosevelt will in this speech, for the first time since his return from Europe, voice his views on significant problems and questions of the day. The Westerners have planned many months in advance for the ex-President's coming, and the celebration should prove one of the most picturesque performances ever witnessed in the United States. Frontier Day is an annual affair at Cheyenne, participated in by cowboys, wild horses, Indians and national troops. The events include exciting pony races by the Indians, a dash between 1,000 Indians and cowboys on horses, bronco-busting by women riders, and a real Western Wild West Show.

WHERE WYOMING WILL WELCOME COLONEL ROOSEVELT

Youthful Thrillers for Grown-ups

CONEY ISLAND'S SECRET OF PERENNIAL CHILDHOOD



ROLLER COASTING THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

The old folks never weary of this nerve-shrieking amusement. It's over the hills and far away for a dime and there is an unexpected turn every second.



THE PROMOTER'S BRAINS ARE RACKED FOR NOVELTIES.

This courageous performer sustains her weight by her teeth, while she trolleys from tower to tower, while the crowds below hold their breath in awestricken terror.



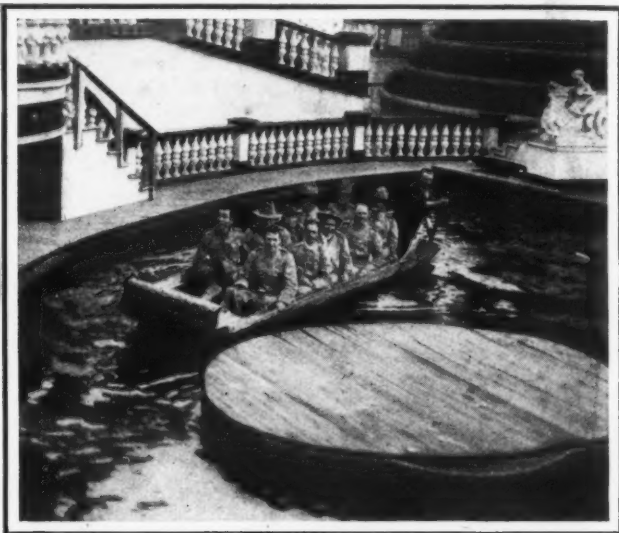
AN EVOLUTION OF THE CELLAR DOOR.

The Helter-Skelter, a Coney Island feature developed and enlarged from a childhood amusement.



GOING AFTER CONEY ISLAND COCOANUTS.

A Borneo lad imported to the amusement park, where he exhibits his marvelous tree-climbing skill.



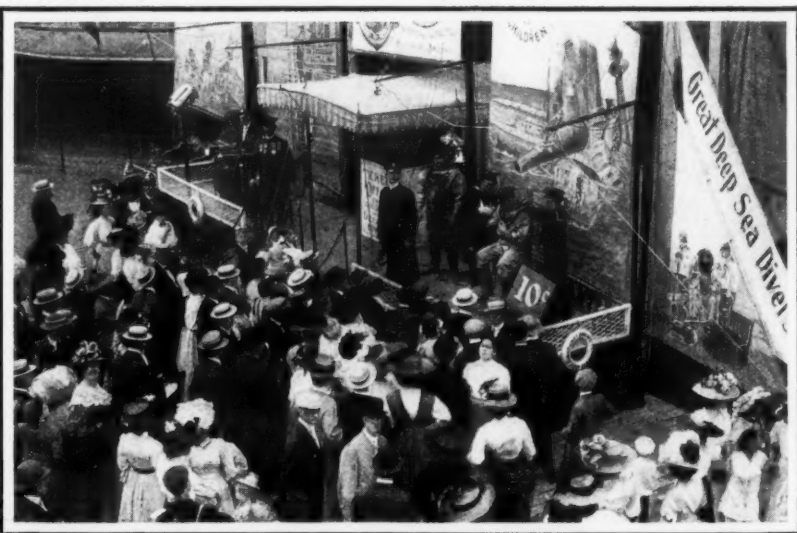
IN CALM WATERS AFTER A HAIR-RAISING PLUNGE.

One of the boats at the Shoot-the-Chutes, Luna Park, after a drop down an angle of 65 degrees.



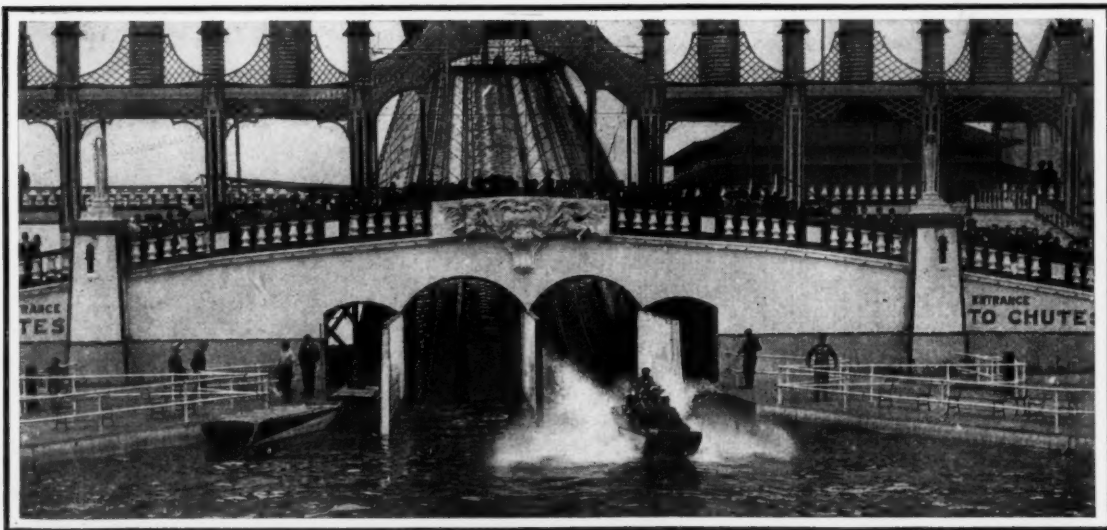
JUST KIDS, THAT'S ALL.

A mighty throng of grown-ups out for a holiday in Dreamland, and ready for anything new in the way of excitement.



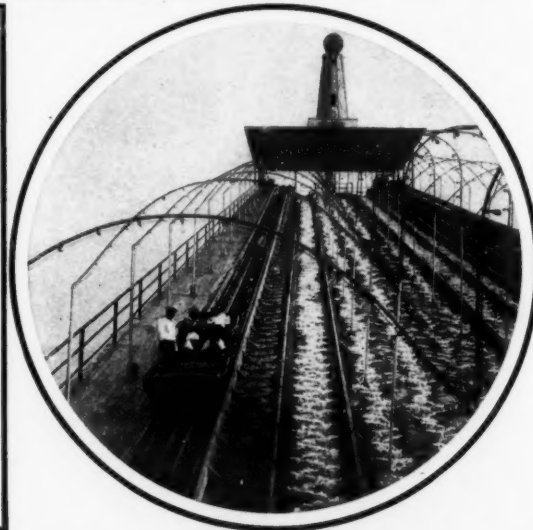
SHOWING THE MYSTERIES OF DEEP-SEA DIVING.

Many of the exhibitions at Coney Island have a decided educational value. These seem to be as popular with the sightseers as the more thrilling funmakers.



THE MOST POPULAR SUMMER RESORT AMUSEMENT.

Taking the water after a terrific dash down the Shoot-the-Chutes. Although apparently full of dangerous possibilities, this feat is probably one of the safest thrillers.

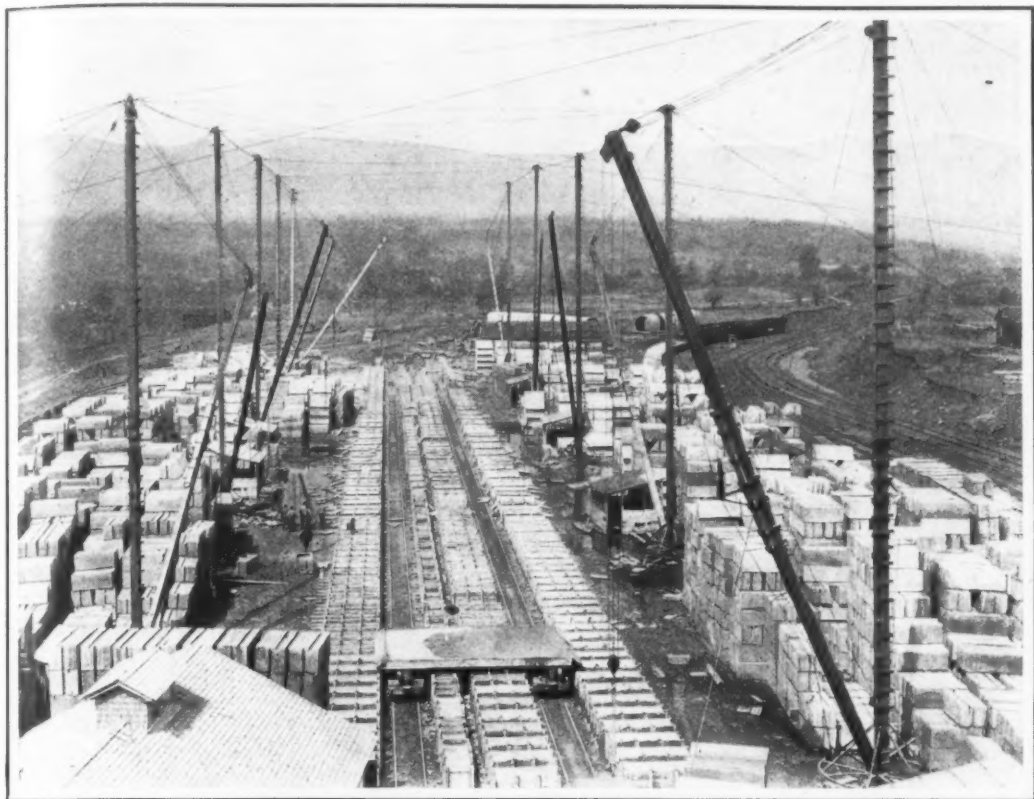


CLIMBING THE CHUTES.

This boat-load when it reaches the top will plunge down at the rate of sixty miles an hour, to a miniature lake below.

The Largest Reservoir in the World

THE WONDERS OF ASHOKAN DAM AND NEW YORK'S NEW MUNICIPAL WATER SUPPLY IN THE CATSKILLS



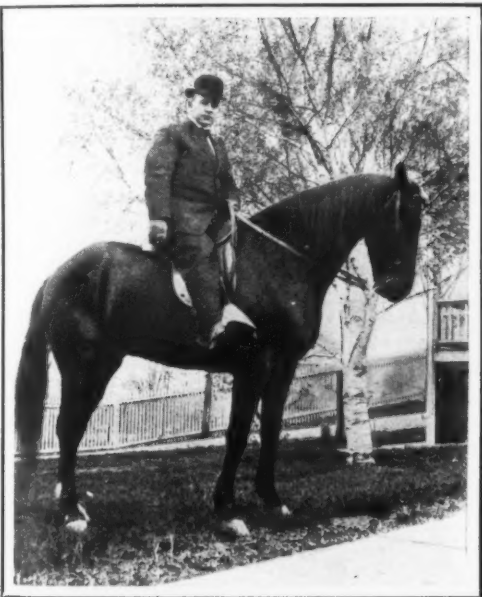
THE STRONGHOLD OF A FIFTEEN-MILLION-DOLLAR ARMY.

Lying snug in a natural amphitheater in the Esopus Valley, guarded by the soaring Catskills, the working ground of two thousand five hundred men looks like the inside of an enormous beehive.



THE NEAREST COMPETITOR TO THE CATSKILL DAM.

The famous Assouan Dam, built for irrigation purposes seven hundred miles above Cairo, on the Nile.



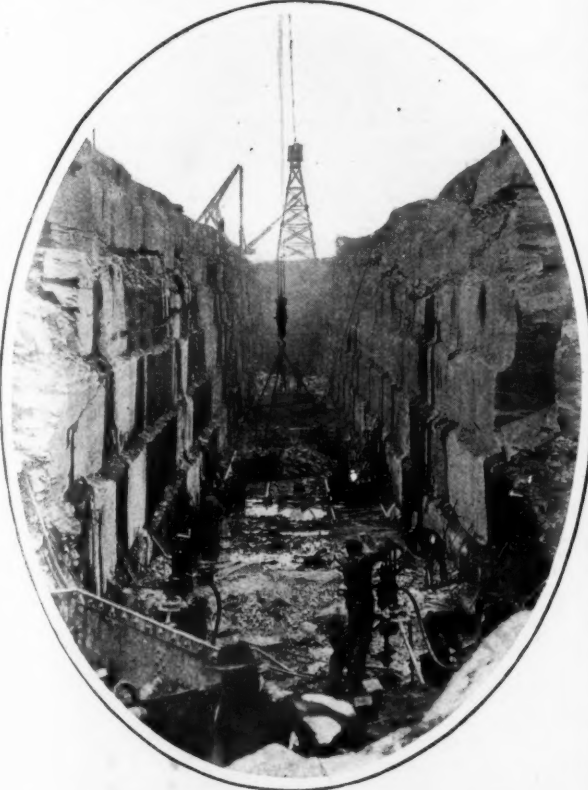
BIGGER THAN THE ENTERPRISE IS THE MAN BEHIND THE DAM. M. J. Look, general superintendent in charge of the building of the Ashokan Reservoir. He has organized a perfect army of 2,500 men, made up of all nationalities, every man of which is imbued with an esprit de corps that welds all parts into one perfect whole.



THE OFFICERS WHO DIRECT THE STUPENDOUS INDUSTRIAL BATTLE. This is the first time that a photograph of the men who have the building of the reservoir in charge has been taken.



HE IS FASHIONED LIKE A SKYSCRAPER. Construction Superintendent J. F. Ham, who directs the placing of the concrete blocks in the building of the dam, and they can't get the stuff down to him too fast.



THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK CANNOT BE GRASPED. The rock aqueduct will hold a double conduit. All the water passing from the reservoir to New York on its ninety-two-mile journey will run through these conduits.



NEW YORK'S FUTURE THIRST-QUENCHER. Esopus Creek, which will be the main feeder to the new Catskill Reservoir. In the spring of the year, when this photograph was taken, the water in the creek is extremely high and turbulent.

See article on page 158

What the Notables Have To Say

Wages Advanced \$500,000,000.

Vice-President James S. Sherman.



VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES S. SHERMAN.

Who calls attention to the fact that the increase in wages in the United States this year will equal the stupendous sum of \$500,000,000.—Copyright by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

HARDLY a day passes that we do not note the increase of wages granted by some railroad or some industrial enterprise, and it is estimated that the advance in wages which will be granted this year will equal the stupendous sum of \$500,000,000. While this splendid result has come to the wage-earners, and it is a fair assumption that it must have come first to the employing classes, it has also come in equal measure to our farmers. One of the reasons for the decrease in exports of food-stuffs is because the farmers can market almost their entire output at home and at the highest prices ever received by them. If we do not anticipate and prepare, if we open the custom gates too far, then we shall invite and have an avalanche of foreign goods that will close our mills and drive our laborers to idleness. Then will wages and prices fall, and, compared with the consequent calamity and disaster that will follow, the depression of 1893-96 will be as a summer shower compared with an equinoctial storm.

What Direct Nominations Mean.

Governor Hughes, of New York.

WE WANT a "square deal" in parties. Those who represent parties in their organization should be directly chosen by the party voters, and they should be made strictly accountable by simple methods to the party voters. The party managers should have a fair opportunity for the presentation to the party of the names of candidates for nomination for public office.

Put under reasonable check, this opportunity will facilitate leadership and provide the party with all the important advantages of organized effort. But the final decision should rest with the party voters, and to secure this they should express their choice with respect to each candidate for nomination. Let the managers' candidate stand out clearly and distinctly to be approved or condemned. If the sentiment of the party has been suitably recognized in his selection, opposition will be futile and unnecessary. But concurrence with respect to one selection should not embarrass opposition with respect to others. There is no difficulty if there is a real desire to have an organization that is truly representative and to have the wishes of the party faithfully followed.

The Truth about the Tariff.

Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio.

IF THERE has been any one thing upon which the public has been particularly aroused it has been the tariff bill. Now upon this subject let us have a campaign of education as we had in 1896, when at the beginning it seemed as if all was against us, but when November came there was a sweeping victory for McKinley and sound money. There have been increases in the duty on silks, on laces, on wines and liquors, on some forms of cotton, on some forms of agricultural products. I am not going to stand before you and say that the Payne law is a perfect law. It has its defects. There were some ideas that I myself desired to have embodied in it that are not there, but I am only one of many. I represent one State out of forty-six—and if there is any task in legislation which is difficult it is to frame a tariff bill that will be satisfactory even to one person—let alone the United States. Let us hold up the hands of President Taft; let us give to this session the message to continue the work; let us call the people away from turmoil and excitement, from superficiality and sensationalism, twin brothers and sisters of envy, obstruction and unrest; let us call the people at large to a dispassionate, intelligent view of all the public questions. We would have with us a tinge of radicalism, but a tinge of conservatism as well, that the things that are essential may remain. These are the things we must keep before us to do sane and progressive work.

The Republican Party's Danger.

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black, of New York.



EX-GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK.

I HAVE always believed—but seem now about the only one who thinks so—that the best support for a government or an administration is an aggressive, organized, partisan sentiment. When men imbued with the same great principles band together, neither small differences among themselves nor the blandishments of newcomers with magic lanterns can entice them away. Every man of experience knows that no statesman worthy of the name ever travels with a chorus, and yet his mind may waver in the glare of the lights and unless his party loyalty keeps him straight he may yield to the enticements of a showy but pretentious life. Men fight better in companies than any one of them would detached. Scatter your army in fragments and your last campaign has been won. The Republican party is now facing this danger. We seem to have thrown away our party guns and knapsacks and are now visiting in tents hitherto of doubtful reputation.

The Yellow Press Losing Its Influence.

Congressman S. C. Smith, of California.

THERE never was a time when the newspapers and magazines had less influence for good than they have to-day. They deal only in superlatives. They are not leading the public. They can't elect a mayor of a city. If I wanted to be elected mayor of a city, the first thing I would do would be to go out and slap every editor in the face. The people no longer follow the papers, and it is the papers' fault.

Our Amateur Photo Prize Contest

CALIFORNIA WINS THE FIRST PRIZE OF \$5, NEW JERSEY THE SECOND AND NEBRASKA THE THIRD



THE MOST VICIOUS GRIZZLY IN CAPTIVITY. A famous member of the New York Zoo, which recently attacked its keeper.—R. B. Brown, New York.



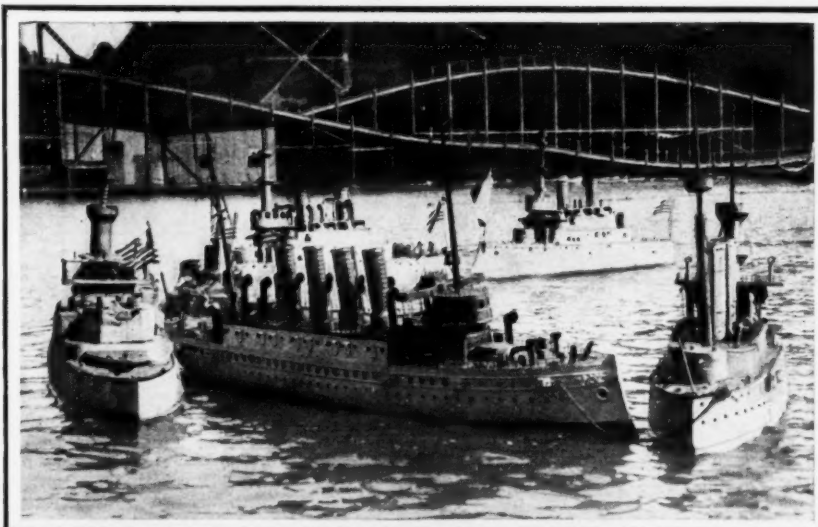
"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT." The laughing sunshine days of childhood.—L. McClung, Virginia.



(FIRST PRIZE, \$5.) TOBACCO BY THE CART-LOAD. Cuban planters bringing in their crop to the Havana market. P. M. Cook, California.



(SECOND PRIZE, \$3.) A PUZZLE PICTURE. The twins build sand castles by the sea. Question: Which is the boy and which is the girl?—A. G. Wilcox, New Jersey.



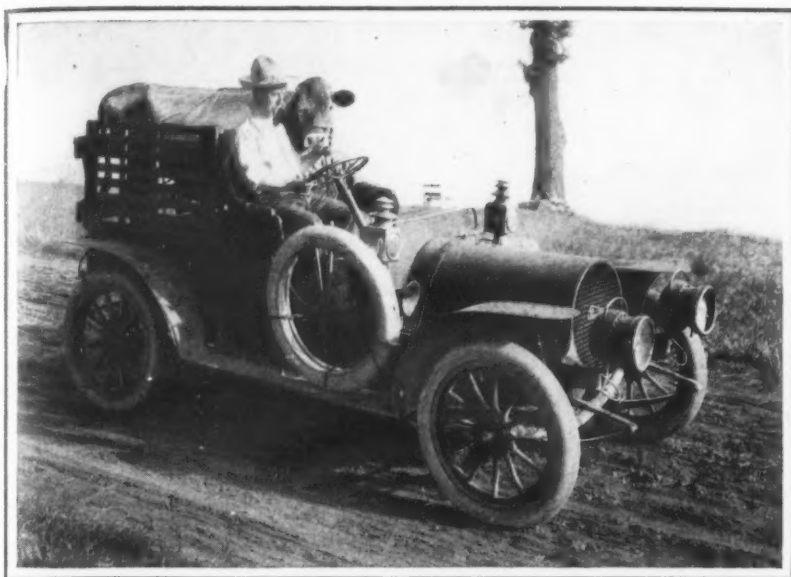
A FIGHTING NAVY IN MINIATURE. Small battleships which participate in sham battles upon a lake near Cincinnati. Each ship carries a crew of one man, who attends to the gasoline motor, and fires the cartridge-loading guns. The ships vary in size from 8 to 12 feet long and are the feature of a local amusement park.—J. R. Schmidt, Ohio.



(THIRD PRIZE, \$2.) READY FOR THE DAY'S WORK. Two future captains of industry. Henry Hubbard, Nebraska.

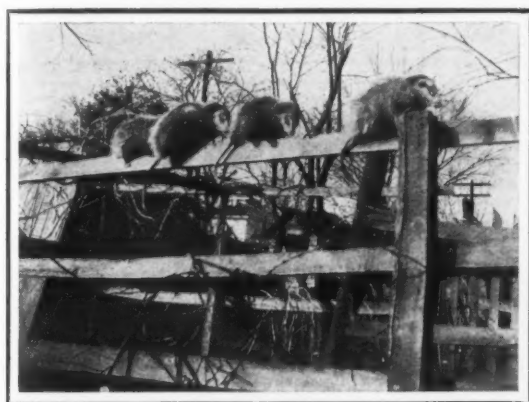
The Camera's Scrapbook

CURIOUS ODDS AND ENDS GATHERED AROUND THE WORLD



AN UP-TO-DATE FARMER.

A Western agriculturist taking his stock to market with an automobile.



A FAMILY OUTING.

Four opossums caught by a wide-awake photographer in Missouri.



AN HISTORIC RUIN IN LOUISIANA.

All that is left of the Packenham Place, situated seven miles below New Orleans, in the rear of the old battlefield plantation. This mansion was in the British lines at the time the Battle of New Orleans was fought. Packenham, the British commander, who was fatally wounded in the battle, died in this house.



THE TALLEST FLAGPOLE.

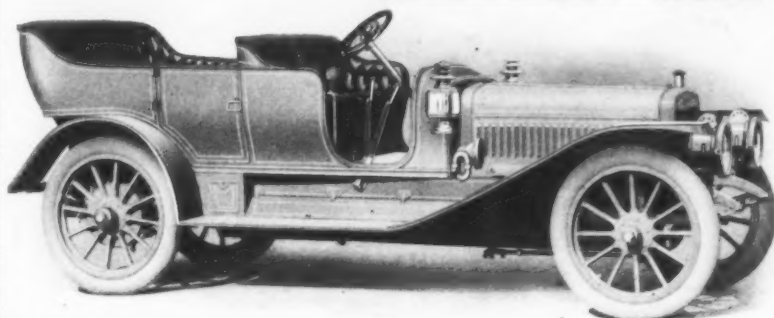
This staff stands on the grounds of the Public School of Americus, Ga., and it is believed to be the highest one-piece flagpole in existence. The giant stick measures 104½ feet.



EVERY MAN HIS OWN AUTOMOBILE BUILDER.

This curious machine was made by a citizen of South Carolina. The builder is seen seated proudly in his machine. The homemade car makes fifteen miles an hour, and the owner boasts of the fact that he does not know the meaning of tire trouble.

WINTON SIX



Alters the Whole Question

"We had our first experience of the pleasure of owning an automobile with a Thirty, but this new proposition of six-cylinders *alters the whole question*. It is so finished, so restful, so satisfying that it appeals to me through and through. I do indeed thank you for making so complete a car."

This letter from a lady in California tells a big story briefly.

The Six *does* alter the whole automobile question.

It accomplishes previously impossible results in quietness, comfort, flexibility, hill-climbing, and economy.

Money spent lavishly to perfect a car of four-cylinders can only add to the price you pay. It can never add that finishing touch of continuous power, which is found only in the Six.

The Winton Six is high-grade in design, materials, workmanship, and classy finish.

It is superior in the beauty of its performance.

And supreme in low cost of upkeep. Its world's record of 77 cents per 1000 miles is the direct result of its six-cylinders, its continuous power, and its beautiful operation.

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BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1909, 20 cents; 1908, 30 cents, etc.

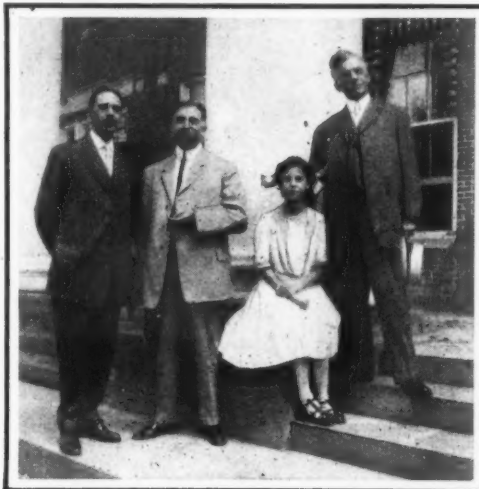
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will reach any new subscriber.

Subscribers to Preferred List (see Jasper's column in this issue) will get current issue always.

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H. C. MORGAN,
President First National Bank,
Cuba, N. Y., and a well-known
authority on financial and
business affairs in Al-
legany County.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE CONVENTION HALL.
From left to right: F. B. Brundage, of Knauth, Nachod &
Kuhne, Bankers, New York; E. J. Gallien, of the
Mercantile National Bank, New York; Miss
Edna Brundage, and F. A. Crandall, of
the National City Bank, Chicago.

NOTED BANKERS AT THE RECENT CONVENTION OF THE NEW YORK
STATE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION AT COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THERE are bargain counters in Wall Street and old-time investors and speculators are constantly on the lookout for them. The bargain counter opens whenever a panic begins, for panicky conditions usually last but a very few days. The difficulty, of course, is in recognizing the premonitions of a panic. It is always safe to get into the market to buy popular, active dividend-payers and non-dividend-payers when there is a slump of ten points or more. It may not do to buy for investment, but after such a slump a recovery for a brief interval is almost certain to follow.

A large number of foreign investors and all the old-timers in Wall Street who had the money profited by the recent panicky break, which carried some stocks even lower than they were during the terrific panic of October, 1907. Among the stocks that sold lower during the recent break than they did two years ago were Erie first preferred, which dropped to 35½, while its lowest price in October, 1907, was 37; Int. Paper preferred, which sold at 41 against 60 two years ago; Missouri Pacific, at 41 against 48, and Western Union, at 56 against 62. But there was no such break on July 26th last all along the line as we had in October, 1907, when B. R. T. dropped to 29, C. and O. to 27, Col. Fuel to 14, General Electric to 89, N. and W. to 56, Reading to 71, Southern Pacific to 64, Union Pacific to 100 and Steel common to 22. These were the bargain days for those who had money. The fearful crash in the market lasted longer than usual in 1907, because even those who had funds in banks and trust companies found it difficult to get them out for use.

I see no evidences of very extensive investment buying at this time by those who know the ways of Wall Street. It is generally conceded that the recent

smash was due to the overloaded position of the Pearson combination, which had undertaken the audacious work of controlling a new transcontinental line from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, embracing the Lehigh Valley, Wabash, Missouri Pacific, Rock Island, Denver, Rio Grande and Western Pacific. The very fact that a syndicate of American and English investors could reach out so easily to secure control of so many important railroads is the best answer to the charge that a few great financiers dictate in all such matters. The combination which started in to create a transcontinental route from ocean to ocean would have succeeded if it had not gone into the proposition so heavily that it was unable to finance all its operations. The whole structure broke down because it was overweighted, and if, as is rumored, the speculators in the combine lost over twenty million dollars, they simply paid the penalty on a large scale that many others pay for audacious speculations of a smaller character.

While the stock market looks attractive, with stocks like St. Paul, Northwest, Baltimore and Ohio, U. P. and Atchison, New York Central and Southern Pacific selling on a basis to net between five and six per cent., all signs are not of the healthiest kind. The recent passage of the dividend on Lead common was followed by the passage of the eight per cent. dividend on Atlas Portland Cement common and the report that the Sloss-Sheffield common dividend is to be reduced and that there are similar possibilities in other directions. I have not changed my mind regarding the outlook and believe that it will continue to be uncertain until the value of the corn and cotton crops is made more clear and until the decision in the trust cases and the effect of the drastic new railroad law are clearly understood. It is significant that the great railroad managers are to meet shortly to consider the operation of the new railroad and that meeting itself will be watched with great interest.

I believe it is reasonable to take a good profit, but I am still so hopeful of the nation's future and the all-pervading common sense of the American people that I would not advise the holders of securities bought at higher prices to sell them at a loss.

(Continued on page 165.)

FINANCIAL

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are invited to investigate our facilities, which combine all that is conducive to profitable commitments.

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RENSKORE, LYON & CO.

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along with some suggestions as to which will first show signs of betterment, free upon request.

We have perfected a plan whereby YOU may purchase securities of MERIT and take such time to pay for them as may suit your convenience, thus enabling you to take advantage of low prices to secure investment bargains.

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containing a treatise on Short Sales, Wall Street Terms, Small Lot Trading, Commission Charges, Margin Requirements, Unlisted and Curb Stocks, Opening an Account and other valuable suggestions.

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If you have stocks, bonds, real estate or other first-class investments to offer advertise in

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

We would like to talk the matter over with you. Drop a postal to

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be enclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

THE PAYMENT of \$532,500,000 to beneficiaries last year in this country is an impressive exhibit of the advantages of life insurance. The regular life-insurance business, which was so hard hit by the investigation of 1906, began its return to normal conditions in 1909, according to the *Insurance Press*. More insurance has been taken out, there has been a decided decrease in the amount of loans on policies and the disbursements for lapsed policies were one-fifth less than in 1908. This indicates a sensible response to the advantages of life insurance and a greater degree of prosperity on the part of those having policies. "There is no desire anywhere," says the report, "to check the development of new and legitimate insurance or other enterprises, but it is well to watch out for the questionable sort." Unduly repressive measures will work quite as much harm to policy-holders as to the companies.

Life insurance must be allowed the same latitude that any commercial business enjoys to develop along legitimate lines. Conservative legislation to safeguard the interests of policy-holders was needed, but no better way can be found to increase steadily the confidence of the public in insurance than for every company jealously to keep its own house in order. To the poor and to those of moderate income who would not be able to make satisfactory investment of small savings, insurance is a boon. Not only does it furnish protection, but it causes many to save where otherwise they might not think of doing so. But insurance is valued almost as highly by the rich and well-to-do, as is shown by more than two thousand claims paid last year ranging from \$10,000 to \$500,000. In the tables for 1909, New York, as would be expected, leads off among the States, having received \$67,500,000 in benefits. Can any similar sum be mentioned which has done more good or relieved more actual distress?

B. Amboy, Ind.: The association to which you refer was organized only a couple of years ago. Why not try something that has demonstrated its strength, the Travelers of Hartford, for instance, or the Preferred Accident Insurance Co., of New York?

T. Ellijay, Ga.: 1. The affairs of the Mutual Reserve are being adjusted by the receivers. Early in the fall it is understood that a settlement will be made. I doubt if much will come to you. 2. I do not advise the taking of a policy in the Postal Life in preference to one in any of the old-established and prosperous old-line companies of New York, New England and other States.

G. Sioux City, Iowa: 1. I would not advise you to take a policy in any assessment insurance concern if you are looking for life insurance to safeguard the future. One never knows in an assessment association what his burden may be as he grows older. The uniform history of assessment associations has shown that with increasing age the older members are assessed so heavily that the load becomes a great hardship. This is one of the complaints heard about the Royal Arcanum at present. In an old-line policy your premium is stated at the outset and the cost will be diminished by dividends the policy may earn. If you will state your age and write to the Equitable Life, 120 Broadway, New York City, and ask for the cost of a policy and your other questions, and mention the Hermit, you will receive a prompt reply. 2. The rates in all the strong old-line companies are about the same. 3. Yes.

Hermit

Unique Paving Material.

THE French have begun the use of a paving material consisting of iron shavings or iron excelsior embedded in concrete. The metallic shavings come in sheets or masses, which are broken apart with difficulty, owing to the intertwining of the filaments, and which are somewhat elastic. In the construction of paving blocks a mold is filled with these iron shavings and the interstices are filled with cement sufficiently fluid to penetrate the entire mass. The blocks thus formed possess great strength and resistance to abrasion. They are also elastic under blows or jarring. They are said to have a resistance to compression of about a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to a square inch, and a tensile strength four times that of cement. The cost of construction is said to be the same as that of ordinary macadam. The development of the automobile has done much to further new discoveries in road making. Even in the last few years decided improvements have been made in highway construction.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 164.)

S. Newark, N. J.: No report of the earnings of American Ice is given out, though any stockholder has a right to make inquiries on his own account. It is known, however, that warm summers always yield the best earnings.

B. St. Louis, Mo.: I think well of Chicago and Northwest, of U. P., New York Central, Southern Pacific and St. Paul if bought for investment, subject, of course, to the possibilities of evil to which I have frequently referred in this department.

N. Boone, Iowa: The Queen Bee Mining and Milling Co. was succeeded in 1902 by the Wyoming Queen, which at last reports had been idle for several years. The Fairview Mining Company is reported as dead. I can get no trace of any of the others on your list and hope you are not saddled with the stock.

M. Middletown, N. Y.: I cannot advise about International Educational Publishing Co.'s stock. It is not a Wall Street security, and no quotations are available. All such propositions depend for their success upon the character of the management, and its ability to meet competition. I would not call it a permanent investment.

D. Chicago, Ill.: 1. Colorado Southern is one of the Hawley properties. I had rather have Southern Pacific at 100 than Colorado Southern at 40, because of the greater surety of dividends on the former. 2. Rumors of "melon cuttings" are frequently given out by those who desire to unload at a profit. I do not believe from its statements that the value of the S. P.'s oil lands would justify a price of \$250 for the stock.

G. Mount Union, Pa.: 1. The house is a member of the Stock Exchange in good standing. I do not believe it wise to trade on slender margins particularly at this time. 2. Nothing can be said about the dividend on U. P. at present. Under existing conditions, the tendency is to reduce dividends. 3. Compared with other industrials, Ice looks like a fair speculation. 4. On sharp recessions the cheap dividend payers can usually be bought with safety.

D. Philadelphia, Pa.: 1. American Wool pref., S. P. and C. C. C. and St. L. are not in the same class. S. P. is more assured of its dividends, though C. C. C. and St. L. is a well-managed Vanderbilt property running through a profitable territory. The depression in the woolen business has been serious. Dividends on Wool pref. are deemed to be secure unless general prosperity has a more severe setback. Ontario and Western paying 2 per cent. looks more attractive than the cheap industrial and railway stocks bordering on its price and not on the dividend list. 2. After a prolonged liquidation and a severe break a stronger market usually follows, and would at present if the crop outlook were assured.

R. Palmyra, N. J.: 1. American Oil and Vir.-Car. are still in the highly speculative class in view of

business uncertainty and the disposition of a good many corporations to reduce or pass dividends. 2. Nev. Con., in my judgment, has been manipulated. American Can has little hope of dividends and as prices stand American Ice is cheaper. Smelters and Amalgamated Copper are involved in the proposed copper combination, the outcome of which is in doubt. A twenty-point margin on Smelters would be risky with danger of a recurrence of panicky conditions.

Z. I. E., Galveston, Tex.: It is difficult to predict what will happen in Wall Street in so short a period as eight months. After such a decline as the market has had investment securities are more attractive. The S. P. convertible 4s, the U. P. convertible 4s and the Atchafalpa convertible 5s have both an investment and a speculative value, and in prosperous times, with a bull movement in Wall Street, would undoubtedly sell higher. Among investment stocks that are beginning to look attractive are Con. Gas, New York Central, Southern Pacific, Penn. and Steel pref. Until the crop situation and the trust case decisions are out of the way, the market cannot disclose its real strength because of the unsettled condition of business. What are called the gilt-edged securities include such pref. railroad stocks as Northwest and St. Paul, and such steady dividend-payers as Del., Lackawanna and Western and D. and H. The gilt-edged bonds include governments and municipals and the first mortgages of well established railroads and industrials. None of these sell on a 5 per cent. basis.

(Continued on page 166.)

Song of the Bobolinks.

PLASHING, plashing, dip the winged boats

On the sun-flecked waves of summer air—

Dripping, dripping, silver water notes

Down a crystal stair.

Swell your melody, oh, liquid throats!

Time with all its aging, fret and care

Is dissolved, and your music floats

Back to youth and bides eternal there.

Let me drift upon your charmed tide.

Aye, forgetting that the years are long—

All the hopes that cheating time denied

Thrilling in your song.

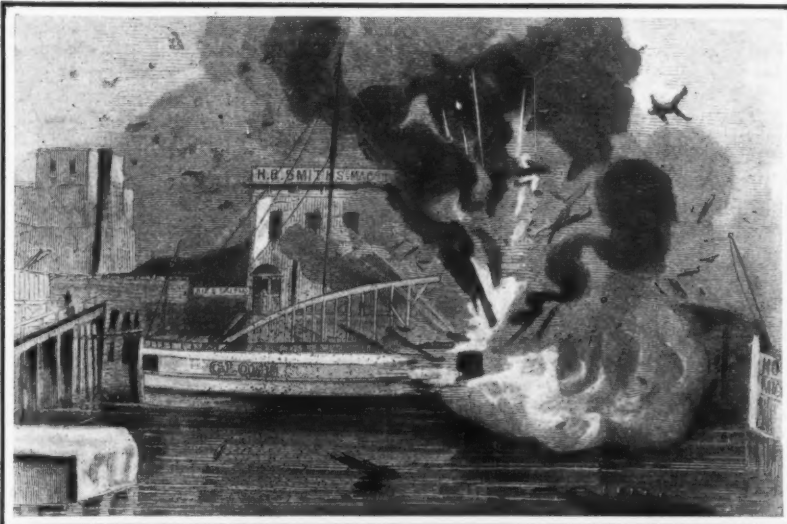
Buttercups and daisies blowing wide;

Fevered pulses beating high and strong,

Down the lane we wander side by side—

Sweetest sweetheart—ah, the years are long!

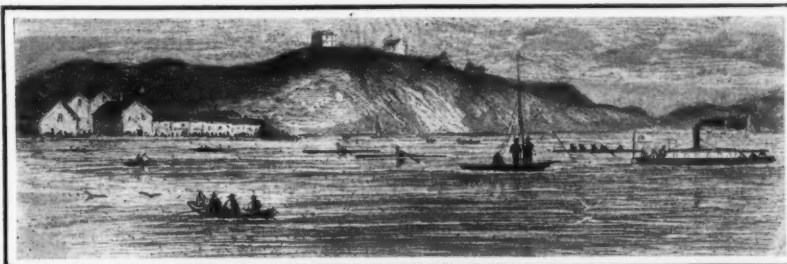
ANNIE L. MUZZEY.



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION ON A LAKE STEAMBOAT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

We copy the quaint description of the accident from our files of 1860 as follows:

"It is our painful duty to-day to illustrate one of those appalling catastrophes which have rendered Western traveling so dangerous, and, we fear, from what we have read in the local papers, that it was the result of the grossest carelessness. On the morning of Thursday, 8th November, about nine o'clock, the citizens in the vicinity of Clarke and Well Streets, Chicago, were startled by a tremendous explosion upon the north side of the river, and at the same instant the air was filled with a shower of beams, iron and splinters of every description. This was found to be the remains of the propeller *Globe*, Captain Amos Pratt, lying at Hale's dock. The *Globe* had only arrived about five hours that morning from Buffalo with a cargo of apples and other merchandise. She had also brought some passengers, all of whom had left the vessel. The engineers and firemen were in the engine-room taking off a cylinder head. The steam had been blown off from one of the boilers and the fire put out, the other boiler had but little steam in it. While they were thus occupied, the boiler exploded with terrific force, tearing the propeller into atoms, and covering the adjacent parts with the wreck of the ill-fated vessel. The crew numbered twenty-five in all, and it is feared that most of them have perished. The force of the shock was terrible. The long block of buildings adjoining the north side of the river was shaken as by an earthquake. The windows were all broken and the ceilings destroyed."



A CHAMPIONSHIP ROWING RACE ON THE HUDSON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Our files of 1860 describe this sensational sporting event thus:

"Our up the river friends have been greatly excited for a few days past by the coming contest between Joshua Ward, of Poughkeepsie, the champion oarsman of America, and William Berger, of Newburg, whose skill and endurance warranted his friends in the belief that he was a match worthy even of the champion. The challenge came from Berger, to all America, to row ten miles, the stakes being a sum of money and the championship. Joshua Ward's friends having profound confidence in his invulnerability, put up the sum necessary, five hundred dollars, and prevailed upon him to take up the challenge. All the preliminaries were arranged, and the match came off on Monday la t. November 6th. The start was from Poughkeepsie, the course being twice around that rowed at the recent regatta at that city."

"The warning signal was given at three P. M. Berger gaining the advantage of a boat's length in the start. This slight difference was soon, however, overcome by Ward, and the men rowed for miles nearly side by side. Nearly two thousand persons, from all parts along the river, were present to witness the race. A barge, filled with persons, steamed up and down the river. This was mostly filled with ladies. The Poughkeepsie crew, in their four-oared boat, rowed alongside of their champion, and cheered him on, while the Newburgers were provided with a small steamboat, which easily kept alongside of the rowers. The course was about ten miles. On the home stretch Berger was slightly ahead, and would probably have won the race if he had not made a mistake in crossing the river to the opposite side of the stake boat to that which was agreed upon by the judges as the winning side, and before this difference could be regained, Ward had passed him and won the race by only three and a half minutes. Time, eighty-three minutes, and eighty-six and a half minutes."

"Some of the experts in the science of rowing are of opinion that if Berger had not made the mistake we have mentioned, he would have had something more than a fair show for beating the champion. As it was, the race was most stoutly contested, and highly creditable to both parties. Many consider this race as no test of the relative powers of the rowers, and efforts are being made for another trial of skill between them, to settle the question definitely, at least for this year, for Mr. Berger is not the man ever to stay beat while there is a chance of success left."

(Reproduced from the files of Leslie's Weekly of 1860, and copyrighted.)

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

The Problem of Time

An Advertisement
by Elbert Hubbard



TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end. While we can calculate the end

of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time. We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable. You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he doesn't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from? Time produced it. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives. When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for you? You do not know, and this very uncertainty should make you prize time and work while it is called the day. To limit the shock of your passing, and to ease your affairs over the shallows when your hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life Insurance comes in. Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone. Life Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege. Life Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days. Life Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide through the Equitable Life against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT
120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE!

None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

IN Preserving—try Karo
this season. It gives a more natural, more delicate flavor to all preserved fruits. The perfect preserving syrup is made with one part Karo to three parts sugar. See Karo Cook Book. The great cooking and table syrup, Karo, agrees with everybody.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on: Griddle cakes, Hot biscuit, Waffles.
Use it for: Ginger bread, Cookies, Candy.

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post-card, today, to
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Dept. K. K. P. O. Box 161



COOLNESS AND COMFORT
IN NORTHERN SEAS AND LANDS!

12 DAY
VACATION
CRUISE **\$60.00 UP**

Berth and Meals Included (First Cabin).
To Halifax, N. S., and St. John's, N. F.
Every Saturday by the large steamers **Florizel**
and **Bornu** (Marconi Wireless, Bilge Keels) of the

RED CROSS LINE

Visit Nova Scotia and wonderful Newfoundland. Eight days at sea—four days in port—you may live on the steamer all the time—stop-over allowed. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet 19. Tourist agencies or
BOWRING & CO., 17 State Street, N. Y.

Go to the Adirondacks This Summer
Best Reached by the "The D.H."

Visit the glories of historic Lake Champlain and Lake George. Have a REAL holiday this time.

Try the robust life of the mountains and forest with a hundred lakes for boating, bathing and fishing. Breathe the pure, invigorating air perfumed with spruce and balsam firs. A hundred resorts offer you the best of hospitality—away from the beaten track, yet with congenial company. Write for

A SUMMER PARADISE

and a new folder containing maps of historical interest, mailed for 6c. in postage.

Plan your vacation now by

THE DELAWARE & HUDSON.
A. A. HEARD, G. P. A., ALBANY, N. Y.

Where No President Visited Before.
(Continued from page 157.)

to go near it. "Why don't you seine it again?" somebody asked. "What's the use?" he replied. "Let me try it," the other persisted. "Yes; and you may have all the fish you get." The other man pulled out seventeen hundred dollars' worth at one haul.

One of the residents told the President some first-hand history. This was the way it was related. Peace had been declared in the War of 1812, but the news had not yet reached so far north as Eastport. A fleet of British warships put in. Sir Thomas Hardey, Lord Nelson's favorite captain, the commander of the enemy's squadron, came ashore and climbed the same wharf which Mr. Taft had just traversed. Sir Thomas was backed by enough artillery to blow the Maine village off the map and his mission was to demand the surrender of Eastport, the Britishers also being unaware that the war had ended. Captain Putnam, the American commandant, was sick in bed. "Get out!" he barked to Sir Thomas. "Men, fire on the British!" Putnam's forces numbered sixty raw recruits and three ancient field pieces. Sir Thomas started for his ship, head uncovered, a prearranged signal to fire if the garrison was not surrendered. In the meantime the Americans, realizing their worse than useless defense, prevailed upon Captain Putnam to revoke his order. An out-rider caught Sir Thomas just as he was emerging from the houses. He put on his cap just in time to save the village. Captain Putnam was so disgusted that he ran from the bed in his night clothes and threw his sword into the bay.

With Six Hundred and Fifty
Globe Girdlers.

(Continued from page 155.)

acquisitive simply of money, as the prejudiced foreigner constantly asserts (these people came to spend money, not to make it), but acquisitive of information, experience, sensations, anything that would make life richer and fuller.

Again, those fellow-passengers were a wonderfully temperate lot. Nineteenths of them, I should think, were teetotalers. In the great dining-room it was a rare thing to see even a bottle of wine or beer on the tables; and as for whiskey or brandy, I did not see a single bottle appear at mealtime. Out of three hundred Englishmen on such a cruise, two hundred would have had their whiskey and soda at every principal meal. Out of three hundred Germans, two hundred and eighty would have had their foaming steins of lager beer. Out of three hundred American men (we will give the ladies credit for the other three hundred and fifty on the *Cleveland*), two hundred and eighty had only a glass of cold water. It is said that the chief steward of the *Cleveland*, which is a German ship, was very much distressed over the temperance habits of his patrons on this Eastbound cruise, having laid in twenty-two tons of soda water in bottles to "qualify" the whiskey, but little of which was demanded, besides 22,350 bottles of wine and 6,500 gallons of beer.

Again, the average American was "incurably religious," if the *Cleveland's* Eastbound passengers proved anything. The Sunday morning services were quite as crowded as the travel lectures. The song services, Sunday evening, attracted equally large audiences. The Christian Endeavor meetings, even if held at sunrise, filled the ladies' parlor. On shore, inquiries were always made by hundreds of passengers for the churches, and the mission schools had scores of visitors. At the Travel Club so much of the interest centered in the missions and missionaries that a few passengers, not interested, thought they were given altogether too large a dose of missionary information and uttered a mild protest. It must be admitted that the consciences of some Sabbath-keeping Americans were sadly strained by the excursions and sight-seeing arranged for the Sundays on shore, for, with many and striking excellences, the one inexcusable blunder made by the management of the cruise was in disregarding the convictions and habits of fully one half the tourists and arranging for as many shore excursions and shows on Sunday as possible. Vigorous protests and complaints of this disregard of the day of rest and worship were heard on all sides, and doubtless future round-the-world excursionists will profit by these complaints.

Lastly, I was impressed with the enterprise and energy of my fellow-citizens in their sight-seeing. Our passenger list was by no means made up of youths

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
Fifty cents per case of 6 glass-stoppered bottles. For home and office.

and maidens. Indeed, it inclined to elderliness rather than to juvenility. The tourists were said to average fifty-five years of age, though I do not know who was responsible for the census. However, I can easily believe it, for there were few children or young people, many in middle life and not a few who were evidently well up in the seventies.

In spite of what our foreign critics say, I have seen very few genuine Americans who bow down to wealth or title; certainly there were few of them on the *Cleveland*. There we had local magnates galore, men who are of great importance in their own bailiwick, be it large or small. There were generals and colonels and captains enough to officer an army. There were thirty doctors and dentists, but only five clergymen. There were rumors that a Standard Oil magnate let his light shine somewhere on board. There were said to be several millionaires and millionairesses, but they were indistinguishable from the humblest of us all. There were great and near-great, but promiscuously they all lolled in the same kind of steamer chair on the same part of the deck, and all sat at the same tables in the same great dining-room. The only special value that the wealthy got for their money were larger and better-located staterooms. But the rich man was just as likely to be seasick as his neighbor who was spending his last-earned thousand on that journey, and when we crossed the "line," Neptune turned his hose indiscriminately on the rich and the poor, on the just and the unjust, on the owner of a dozen automobiles as well as on the most impecunious passenger, and soused in the tank the heir to half a dozen fortunes as quickly as the steward who makes his bed or brings his coffee. Indeed, if any one had demanded special immunities or privileges because of his money, he would have soon found out his mistake; and even the lady who vociferously and frequently declared, "I'm from Boston!" made very little impression on her fellow-voyagers by that fact.

As a rule, men and women do not shine in throngs. The individual, whether in college or on shipboard, appears better and behaves better when by himself than when lost in the crowd. But the average American stands this test well, and the longer I lived with the passengers of the *Cleveland*, the prouder I became that I was a fellow-countryman of those sensible, stalwart, wide-awake, enterprising, information-seeking, temperate, religious, democratic Americans.

The Value of Cereals.

FOR CENTURIES breadstuff has been known as "the staff of life." According to modern scientific analysis, the catchword is well taken, for there is an amplitude of potent and strength-giving properties in oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley and other products of the graniferous variety. Our word "lard" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words "loaf-ward"—the guardian of the loaves or dispenser, who was an important figure in feudal life. The Roman mob, we are told, cried, "Panem et circenses!" for grain and pleasure. The Scotch thrive robustly on their oatmeal cakes and oatmeal porridge. For centuries the Chinese and Japanese have flourished on a diet that is mainly rice. The American Indians had maize as their principal food. Southern Italians live mostly on spaghetti and the northern peoples eat their black bread made of various grains. Cereals are to be obtained in many varied and palatable forms. As manufactured there is an infinite variety, which might beneficially be turned to account in the daily regimen. The objection may be urged that, immediately this is done, the new demand will cause a rise in prices. That would scarcely hold, however, in view of the twofold fact that the manufacturers of cereals have conducted in their interest a campaign the feature of which is a fixed price for cereals and that the supply is too ample with our yearly "bumper crops."

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 165.)

R., Huntington, W. Va.: Stocks of the class of M. K. T. common are a good way from dividends in these trying times for the railroads. Better buy the low-priced dividend payers.

H., St. Johnsbury, Vt.: You surely must have read the exposures of the oil promoter to which your letter refers. The clipping looks like a paid advertisement. Have nothing to do with the company.

P., Oneida, N. Y.: This is not a good time to dispose of stocks which you may have on hand and which show a loss. It is usually wiser to hold for the recurrence of a boom which must eventually come if one has patience.

L., Pittsburgh, Pa.: If you are seeking a gilt-edged investment, safe beyond peradventure, I do not think you have chosen well. The safety of such companies obviously should not be compared with that of a savings bank.

H., Atlanta, Ga.: The cement business is not in the most prosperous condition at present. Note the recent cessation of dividends on the common stock of one of the largest companies. I do not advise the purchase of the People's Portland Cement Co.'s bonds as an investment.

F., Brooklyn, N. Y.: I do not advise the purchase of American Palace Car Co. stock. Better take something listed on the exchange. 2. Nipissing and La Rose make encouraging reports, but they are so incomplete that no outsider can formulate a satisfactory judgment as to their value.

G., Greensboro, N. C.: Atlantic Coast Line has great earning power and is proving it by its statements. While the stock may sell lower in sympathy with a liquidating market, I would not advise you to sacrifice it at a loss.

(Continued on page 169.)



BRIGHT YOUNG WOMEN OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y., WHOSE INDUSTRY EARNED THEM
A DELIGHTFUL VACATION IN BERMUDA.

A happy group of young ladies who won the first places in a subscription contest held recently by the Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal. The party spent a delightful two-weeks vacation in the South and was most enthusiastically welcomed and entertained.



COMPLETING A SUPERB TERMINAL IN NEW YORK CITY.

How the new building, which is to take the place of the famous old Grand Central Station, will look when the work now under way is completed.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

White Rock

suggestions for
Warm Weather

WHITE ROCK PUNCH

One pint of unfermented grape juice The juice of two lemons and two oranges
A small cup of granulated sugar One quart of WHITE ROCK
Add sliced fruit as desired



ONE OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEIGHBORS AT BEVERLY.
The imposing summer residence of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

The Record-Smashers.

(Continued from page 158.)

but for keeping his animals in perfect health. During 1909, out of his 235, only two a day unfit for work was the average. Ten in one hundred on the sick list is considered a decently small percentage.

Unless there is a breakdown at the quarry, on the railway, in the concrete plant, on the cableways, at the dam or on the dikes, the work goes on to the tick of seconds. But even breakdowns check these record-breakers only a moment or two; for C. W. Peters, the master mechanic, has his regiment of assistants stationed all along the line to keep the machinery in trim. Mr. Peters is an artist with cogs and cables, wheels and derricks, at home under an

Mother's "Notions."

GOOD FOR YOUNG PEOPLE TO FOLLOW.

"My little grandson often comes up to show me how large the muscles of his arms are.

"He was a delicate child, but has developed into a strong, healthy boy, and Postum has been the principal factor.

"I was induced to give him the Postum because of my own experience with it.

"I am sixty years old and have been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for many years. Have tried all sorts of medicines and had treatment from many physicians, but no permanent relief came. I believe nervous dyspepsia suffer more than other sick people, as they are affected mentally as well as physically.

"I used to read the Postum advertisements in our paper. At first I gave but little attention to them, thinking it was a fraud like so many I had tried; but finally something in one of the advertisements made me conclude to try it.

"I was very particular to have it prepared strictly according to directions, and used good, rich cream. It was very nice, indeed, and about bedtime I said to the members of the family that I believed I felt better. One of them laughed and said, 'That's another of mother's notions!' but the notion has not left me yet.

"I continued to improve right along after leaving off coffee and taking Postum, and now after three years' use I feel so well that I am almost young again. I know Postum was the cause of the change in my health and I cannot say too much in its favor. I wish I could persuade all nervous people to use it."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

engine, on top of a tower, on the trembling boom of a derrick or in a bucket whirling over the dam; and as a time-saver he can't be beaten.

Chief Engineer F. H. Trow, an all-round man, is a past master in almost every kind of construction work. To him, as second in command, falls the work of general oversight. His record is along the lines of diplomacy. He is, perhaps, the most popular man of the whole staff, and while nobody knows just how he does it, the fact remains that he turns discords into harmonies, smooths out problems that might become unmanageable and eases up jars. A man of this stamp is essential to such a camp, where, when men are "speeding up" day in and day out, a little friction may cause a serious "blowout" and a missing of connections that might set the high-tensioned corps out of gear for indefinite periods.

A CONTRACTOR'S UTOPIA.

The camp at Brown Station is not, as the average man might suppose, a collection of tents pitched here and there throughout the woods. On the contrary, it is a little city, having its own police and water, sanitary and school systems. Its two hundred and fifty buildings are made up of neat bungalows for the officers and modest houses for the laborers. In this ideal camp the old-fashioned shack, shanty and dugout and the good-enough-for-a-dago idea are unknown. Velvet lawns, green gardens and flowering plants spell comfort, prosperity and contentment. H. D. Gardiner, the boss carpenter, is one of the busiest men in camp. Elopings officers and fickle laborers do not flurry him a particle. As soon as a wedding occurs in camp, the architect's regiment appears and a cottage for bride and groom, with shade already provided, springs up in the short space of twenty-four hours. In putting up cottages Mr. Gardiner has smashed all time records.

This temporary Utopia, with all its comforts, is the outcome of J. O. Winston's system. Mr. Winston is a good deal of a philanthropist. A big man mentally as well as physically, he has practically the same interest in his laborers that a father has in his family. He offers prizes to the company's baseball and football teams for victories, as well as rewards for the best-kept gardens in camp.

THE MAN BEHIND THE DAM.

It is a big enterprise, but bigger than the enterprise is the mind back of it which has built up a body of 2,500 men of all nationalities, of all degrees of education, doing all degrees of work, into a perfect army of perfect corps and divisions, every man of which is imbued with an *esprit de corps* that welds all working parts into one perfect whole, which strives to the limit of brain,

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.



The Howard Watch

ON the Ship's Bridge all over the Seven Seas—you'll find the HOWARD Watch. Not only in American ships. The HOWARD is the finest practical watch in the world.

The Navigating Officer guides the ship. Observing the altitude of the sun or a heavenly body with his sextant, and instantly noting the time on

his watch, he gets the data for working out the position of his ship—its longitude and latitude.

His watch must run second for second with the ship's chronometers. A few seconds' error in time may make all the difference between a free channel under-keel and a sunken reef.

The HOWARD is the closest rating watch in the world. The HOWARD position adjustment holds good through the rolling and pitching of the steamer.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double-roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at \$40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at \$150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. U, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS

BOSTON, MASS.

brawn and enthusiasm to do its best each day, each hour, each minute, each second. It is the general superintendent and engineer in charge, M. J. Look, who, as it were, has pressed the electric button that set all this activity into ordered, split-second motion.

A man in Mr. Look's position must of necessity have sound judgment, keen perception and a vast fund of experience for instant use. They tell an anecdote up there which illustrates Engineer Look's caliber of mind better than paragraphs of statements could. One day last summer, while he was passing the cable towers in company with a visitor, the sound of a terrific crash came up from the dam. Though he could not see the cause, he coolly remarked, "Thank God, no one's hurt!" "How do you know that?" the visitor asked. "By reflection," he replied. "If any man had been injured, these men we see ahead would have stopped work." It was only an incident in the day's work, but typical of the man who is the mainspring of this complicated human machine.

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Keep your notes and memos safe, tidy, alphabetically arranged and in your vest pocket right where you can lay your hand on the one you want at a moment's notice. Get a **VEST POCKET UNIMATIC** Loose Leaf Memorandum Book. has all the above features of convenience. Sheet size 2x4 inches, 50 gilt edge sheets, with cover of genuine Black Morocco and leather tabbed index—sent postpaid or through your dealer for \$1. Your choice of rulings (see illustration). **Stieber & Trussell Mfg. Co.** 4246 Laclede Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

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IN A TULIP WET WITH DEW
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HUNTER JULEP

WILL REFRESH AND COMFORT YOU

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers,
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Recent Deaths of Noted Persons.

JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE, Secretary of the Treasury during Grover Cleveland's second administration and United States Senator from Kentucky in 1890, at New York City, July 31st, aged 75.

Lucien B. Moore, friend and fishing companion of President Cleveland, Samuel L. Clemens and the late poet, Richard Watson Gilder, at Lenox, Mass., August 2d.

Peter Gibson, lawyer and noted art collector, at Vienna, Austria-Hungary, July 24th, aged 50.

Daniel E. Conklin, a retired merchant of Baltimore, at Carlsbad, Germany, August 1st.

A Journey and Its End.

(Continued from page 156.)

have lost your train, after all."

Cecily dimpled.

"Dear me, no! We had over half an hour to wait."

"Half an hour! Then we must have been headed for the same train!"

"Then you were bound for here?"

"No," Malcolm answered directly.

"For Barminster. I was looking from my window in the smoker and thought I saw you get off here."

"I'm lost again," declared Cecily gayly. "I should have stopped at Clinton."

"At Clinton! Then we must take a train back. Wait here a moment while I make some inquiries."

He came back presently with his news. There was no train back to Clinton until evening. There was no livery in town, but they might get a horse at Farmer Chatham's.

They got the horse without much difficulty, owing to the fact that Mrs. Chatham, as she declared frankly, liked their faces. And just as they were driving off, the motherly old soul hurried after them with a basket, which she deposited carefully under the seat.

"As long as you won't stop for dinner, there's a bite, just to stay you till you get home," she said; adding, with

a friendly smile, "You do make me think of Jo and Annie—that's my son and his wife—bride and groom they be, too. Good-by! Hold Dolly pretty firm—she stumbles now and then."

Cecily and Malcolm rode in silence for a few moments, each trying to think of something commonplace to say. Then they spoke together desperately.

"Shall we open our basket?" asked she; and "How about lunch? You must be hungry," said he.

Their eyes met, and suddenly Cecily burst into a peal of uncontrollable laughter. When they sobered down again the ice was broken, the barriers were down and the two in the buggy found themselves old friends.

When they reached Clinton station Malcolm jumped out reluctantly.

"I would rather see you safe in your aunt's arms," he declared, "but I must reach Barminster to-night. I'm due to—to take part in a wedding at eight o'clock. I will see to getting Dolly back—"

"My cousin's coachman can drive her over to-morrow morning. But my aunts will be glad to see you if you are in the neighborhood. We are staying at Merrymeeting, the home of my cousin, Mrs. Wilmington. They will want to thank you—my people—better than I can now—for taking care of me—"

She extended her hand and he held it in his a moment.

"I will come," he said, with his eyes on her. "I will surely come—to Merrymeeting."

Cecily reached her destination, again ahead of her aunts, and she spoke of Malcolm in connection with her morning's adventures. Mrs. Wilmington interrupted her.

"Malcolm?" she repeated. "I wonder if that can be the Mr. Malcolm who is to marry one of the Overton girls, at Barminster? I think the wedding is to take place right soon. I don't know them, except by sight, but Katharine Smedley told me about it. Katharine sailed yesterday for Liverpool—did you know?"

"Did she?" Cecily seized upon the topic eagerly. She did not again mention Malcolm or speak of his part in her afternoon's journey. Presently she rose. She felt suddenly tired, confused.

"I think I will lie down a few minutes, Cousin Sally," she said, "before it's time to dress for dinner."

In her room Cecily faced the situation.

"He spoke of a—wedding," she whispered, gazing with unseeing eyes out of the window, "at Barminster."

For a long time she sat gazing over the rolling lawns of Merrymeeting. When she rose she told herself she had won her fight, yet the next morning she woke with a feeling of joyful anticipation. "He will come—he will come to-day," her heart was singing; and, in spite of herself, all day she watched for him. But he did not come, and the third day Cecily and the aunts went back home. Mrs. Wilmington went with them, part of the way—she was starting for her annual trip abroad—and Merrymeeting was closed for the summer.

Cecily passed the winter months that followed in a gay round of visits—house parties in the mountains and by the sea—and she seemed the same gay, brilliant Cecily that she always was. Only Mrs. Richard's anxious eyes detected a difference—she saw that Cecily was too gay and that with it all the girl drooped. So she carried her off to a little inn on the shore, where, as they knew nobody, they could be as quiet as they liked. They arrived late one afternoon, and as Cecily listlessly took up a pen to register, a name on the page before her caught her eye.

"Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Malcolm, New York."

In the morning Cecily started for the beach. On the hotel piazza she passed a group of four or five girls and men, surrounding a tall figure—a figure she recognized instantly. His back was toward her, and after the first instant she continued, with outward calm, down the steps and toward the beach.

"Miss Elliott!"

She stopped suddenly. Her heart was suffocating her.

Mark Malcolm was coming toward her, hands outstretched and a light in his eyes. For one wild second, as Cecily's glance met his, it seemed to her that there was more than pleasure in his deep gaze. Then she remembered and put out her hand quietly. He took it eagerly in both of his.

"You here!" he said, in a deep voice. "I could not believe it when I saw you from the inn porch! But I followed the vision—and it is you!"

Cecily's face hardened. How dared he speak to her like this? She stood, coldly silent, the steel blue of her eyes impenetrable.

"Can't we sit down here—behind this little dune—where we can talk?" Malcolm entreated. "It is so glorious here!"

"I must go back," answered Cecily, in an expressionless voice. "My aunt will be waiting for me."

"Just a moment!" he entreated. "I must have a moment. I want to tell you why I did not come, the day after our—our ride together."

Cecily felt helpless before his determination. She was afraid, too, of herself. She dared not hear the thrill in his voice nor recognize the answering thrill in her heart. At any cost she must hide her hurt! He must not see—

"We sent Dolly home safely," she said. "James drove her back the next morning."

"Dear old Dolly!" He still held her by sheer force of will. "I said I would come to Merrymeeting, but early the

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next morning I had a telegram which called me home. My mother, who had been an invalid for years, died suddenly. And when I came back the place was closed and your cousins had gone abroad, I learned. I cannot tell you how disappointed I was, but I did not give up the idea of finding you."

Cecily was staring with blank eyes at the sea.

"I did not know even your State," he continued, "but I knew your name and I meant to find you. But this—this is fate. I only came down here by chance—on business, in fact. My brother is here, with his wife, and I had an important paper for him to sign. My brother Morely," he went on, in a tone which betrayed some perplexity, "was married the day I met you. It was to be best man at his wedding, in fact, that I was going to Barminster—and I had the ring with me."

They walked silently along the beach. Cecily was silent, blinded by the light which had burst upon her, torn with conflicting emotions. She had doubted him—had wronged him in her thoughts! And now, though she desired nothing so much as his nearness, she was sending him away from her—why? Because she had doubted? The whole world was topsy-turvy. She could not think.

"I leave to-morrow," Malcolm said, in a hard voice. "There is nothing to keep me longer here. I made a mistake. I have been living in a dream, and it is hard to wake up."

Cecily turned her eyes to the sea. She could not speak. Malcolm looked at her, hungry-eyed.

"I thought—as every idiotic lover does, I suppose—that our souls had been mated for aeons past. I believed that fate had thrown us together and that it would be possible for me to win you in time—to teach you to love me. Oh, my beloved!" he cried, "was it—was it all a dream?"

Cecily turned her eyes to him slowly. They shone with unshed tears—and something beside.

"Yes," she whispered softly, "yes, it was a dream—your dream and mine!"

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25c. a box.

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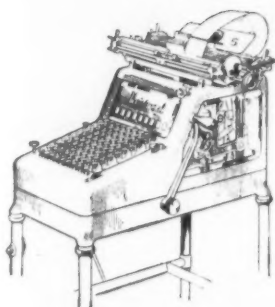
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The Origin of Playing Cards.

THE EARLIEST mention of playing cards so far discoverable is in the "History of the City of Viterbo." The author quotes Covelluzzo, who wrote about the end of the fifteenth century: "In the year 1379 was brought into Viterbo the game of cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens and is with them called naib." The earliest period about which there can be no dispute in which playing cards are directly mentioned by a writer from personal experience is in the register of the court treasurer of Charles VI. of France. The entry, under the date of February 1st, 1392, is, "Given to Jack-

quemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of playing cards in gold and various colors and ornamented with several devices to carry before the Lord our King for his amusement, fifty-six sols of Paris." On this statement was founded the popular belief that playing cards were invented for the amusement of the crazy French monarch. It is well known, however, that, long before the date of any mention of playing cards, there existed a series of emblematic pictures called naibis, which were used by gypsies for the purposes of fortune-telling and sorcery. They were brought to Europe by the Saracens. About the end of the fourteenth century a Venetian selected a number of the most attractive of these naibis and added to them a series of numeral cards.

It is impossible to discover the exact rules for the first games played with cards. It is certain, however, that the general principles were the origin of all modern games in which the taking of tricks is the object. The first games were known as tarocchi. It is also known that the picture cards were more important than the spots and were called "trionfi" or triumphs, from which is derived our word trump. It is certain, too, that the players were obliged to follow suit. The Florentines increased the picture cards from twenty-two to forty-one. There were fifty-six spot cards. Bologna cut the pack down to sixty-two cards, making twenty-two pictures and forty spots, and they played a game called tarocchino. Gradually the pack was reduced to twelve picture cards and forty spots—fifty-two in all. The smallest pack is the Persian, consisting of twenty cards, with which poker was first played in the United States.

The Baseball Situation from Various Angles.

(Continued from page 170.)

standing of the National League clubs if Griffith could only make his pitchers perform as well as do the other members of his baseball family.

Chance carried ten pitchers on his invasion of the East. Some determination to cinch his grip on the pennant, eh?

That boy Snodgrass is certainly going to make Lajoie and Cobb hustle in that battle of bats that

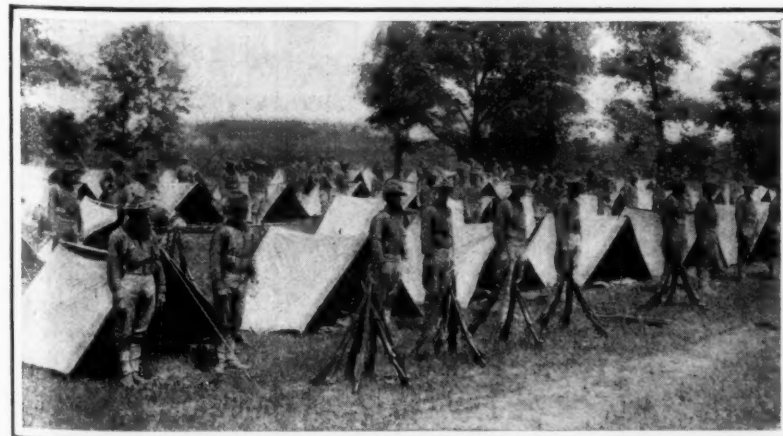
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MAJOR GENERAL GRANT.
Who was a close observer of the war maneuvers.



ALMOST ANYTHING TASTES GOOD.
Preparing camp dinner after a hard day's skirmish.



A TENT CITY BUILT IN A FEW MINUTES.

The completion of the set-up drill. These shelter tents are made ready for occupancy almost in the twinkling of an eye.

On August 1st, New York opened its summer army instruction camp at Pine Plains, N. Y. More than 6,000 troops, representing the regulars and militia, participated in the mimic battles between the Blues and the Reds. The Engineering Corps also took part in the maneuvers, laying mines, blasting rocks out of theoretical roads, and practicing with powerful searchlights.



Make Your Coffee in the Cup

in the new way, with G. Washingtons Coffee. Nothing required but fresh boiling water—no coffee pot, no coffee grinder, no bags, no grounds, no eggs—and no waste. G. Washingtons Coffee insures uniformity—the same delightful flavor and aroma, over and over again.

G. Washingtons COFFEE

is the result of many years of patient study and experiment. Its principle is culinary—not chemical. A kitchen product—not one of a laboratory. Can be used by any one. Instantly soluble in hot or cold water. Not an extract or essence of coffee, but coffee itself, so concentrated that a half teaspoonful equals a heaping tablespoonful of ordinary ground coffee in strength and richness. It is the smoothest, finest coffee you've ever tasted. The only real coffee that may be freely used without harming the digestive organs or impairing the nervous system. Convenient, economical and satisfying.

Best of all, it is absolutely pure coffee of finest quality; rich in nutriment and all the stimulative properties of the original coffee berries—but with every trace of acid removed; every undesirable element eliminated.

Try one package of G. Washingtons Coffee and you will go far out of your way to get another. If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and thirty cents (stamps welcome) and we will supply you direct.

G. Washington Coffee Refining Company of New York
Coffee Exchange Building, 66 Beaver Street New York

has a real live automobile as a first prize. At this writing Snodgrass leads all the regular batters in both leagues and is steadily increasing his hitting average.

When Nethermost romped under the wire a winner in the final race on the afternoon of August 3, at the Empire City track, the spectators witnessed the last running of thoroughbreds around New York City for some time to come, unless racing conditions are changed most radically in the State. The lull, however, will probably be only temporary, as the sport of kings has been in existence here for seventeen years, and it is the kind of a pastime that is soon missed keenly. When racing is resumed in Gotham again it will probably be on a much higher level than in the past and efforts will be made to cater to real horse lovers rather than routs, tipsters, small-pay gamblers and others of similar ilk.

Many of the fans and sporting writers are expressing the hope that some club other than Detroit will win the American League pennant, believing that Jennings's team cannot give the National League pennant winners a real battle for the world's championship.

There are several persons, including Ban Johnson, who seem to think that John M. Ward's suit against the president of the American League is the opening gun in Ward's campaign for the executive head of the National League to succeed Thomas J. Lynch. Personally, I never expect to live long enough to see Johnson pay Ward \$50,000 damages; but what I think all the fans would like to know is this—If Ward is elected president of the parent organization, will Johnson consent to serve on the National Commission with him?

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 166.)

Safety, Bangor, Me.: A number of guaranteed stocks are now selling on a basis yielding from 5½ per cent. to 6½ per cent. Effingham Lawrence & Co., bankers, 111 Broadway, New York, make a specialty of guaranteed stocks. Write to them for their Circular A.

Teacher, Indianapolis, Ind.: I advise you not to put your money either in the mining, wireless or oil concern. It may be true that you have but little to speculate with, but if so you had better buy something that gives you promise of a profit. The shares of the Texas Loan & Guaranty Company which pay 2 per cent. dividends quarterly are selling at \$12.50 each. Write to the Texas Loan & Guaranty Co., Houston, Tex., for their Booklet 2.

Widow, Buffalo, N. Y.: I. You would be wiser to put your savings in a dividend payer like Atchison pref., or U. P. pref., or stocks of that character, which are quite well assured of their dividends and which are now selling at attractive figures. 2. You can buy any number of shares from 1 upward. John Muir & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York, make a specialty of small lots. Write to them for their Circular 110 on Odd Lot Investments.

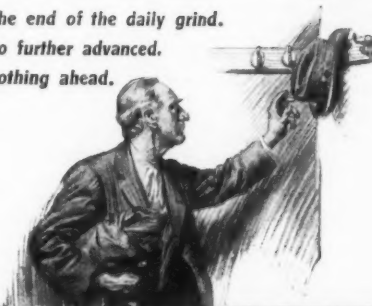
W., Middletown, O.: 1. An interesting booklet will give you much of the information you seek. Write to Leavitt & Grant, members Consolidated Stock Exchange, 55 Broadway, New York, for a free copy of their Investors' and Traders' Pocket Manual. 2. If you will write to Norman W. Peters & Co., members Consolidated Stock Exchange, 74 Broadway, New York, for a copy of their "Circular K5," on the subject of "Why Prices Are Declining and When They Should Turn," it will give you one view of the stock market.

Spec., Dallas, Tex.: 1. I certainly advise you not to buy the oil stocks to which you refer. Why not try a speculation in an industrial stock doing business and promising good returns. The shares of the National Underwriting Co. at \$10 each offer you a chance to get into an automobile manufacturing concern. The recent extra dividends declared by some of the automobile companies are attracting national attention. Write to National Underwriting Co., 350 Broadway, New York. 2. A very conservative review of the market is printed by J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, every week for their customers. A copy will be sent to any of my readers if they will write to J. S. Bache & Co. for their Weekly Financial Review, and mention Jasper.

NEW YORK, August 11, 1910.

JASPER.

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No further advanced.
Nothing ahead.



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GET OUT OF THE RUT.

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The attached coupon will bring you full information and advice, without obligating you to spend a penny. Mark it now. 285 I. C. S. students' salaries VOLUNTARILY reported raised in June. 3882 raised last year. There's a way for you. Find out what it is by marking and mailing the coupon now.

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Architectural Drafting	Textile Manufacturing
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The Baseball Situation from Various Angles

By Ed. A. Goewey



For clean sport and a square deal everywhere and at all times.

IT LOOKS as if the Pittsburgh paper that made the charge that the Pirates received extra money from President Dreyfuss for winning the pennant last season is going "to get in bad," as every player on the team has made affidavit that the statement is untrue. President Herrmann and the other members of the national commission intend to press the case to the limit to clear the skirts of professional baseball. As soon as any one connected with the sport gets disgruntled nowadays he starts some foolish charge about "signal tipping," bonus demands, etc. This sort of thing should be severely punished once or twice and then it would cease. "Syndicate baseball" is the only real black mark against the national sport to-day, and the time must come when the magnates of the parent league will awake to the real danger from this source and legislate so that no one man can possibly have any financial interest in more than one club. It isn't pleasant for those who have for years followed with interest and enthusiasm the fortunes of the National League, to sit in the stands and hear such remarks as, "Oh! if you want to see a real ball game, go to the American League parks. Each club in that league is able to finance itself." The good old league that has done more than any other to advance professional baseball to its present high and honorable standing doesn't deserve this promiscuous "knocking" from the fans simply because it is supposed that one man's money is financing two of its clubs. Nevertheless, baseball has been looked upon as the clean professional sport, and the fans will keep on kicking until even suspicions against the National League of harboring the "syndicate system" are adequately and convincingly dispelled.

Every fan throughout the country knows that there is not only a suspicion but a general belief that the man who financed Murphy and is at present a stockholder in the Chicago National League club, is also a financial power in the Philadelphia team of the same league. If this is true (and the other magnates have the power to find out or perhaps already know) it is a bad thing for baseball. No matter how honest any man may be, when he is interested in two competing organizations there is bound to be a suspicion that the contests between such bodies cannot be entirely sincere. This is the beginning of the syndicate system, and if such clubs exchange players at will to strengthen their weak spots, ignoring all the other teams in such transactions, it is syndicate baseball at its worst. To be sure some of those now interested in the national sport may not care a hang for it aside from the dollars it may pour into their pockets in the near future. But the general run of fans, the people who support and keep the game of baseball running, are as much interested in the future of the game as they are in its present. And the fans are going to keep on kicking as long as they suspect that "a select few" are trying to kill the goose that is laying the golden egg. Is all sentiment to be

throttled and baseball gradually killed because of a few individuals, the same as racing was put out of business because it developed into an enterprise instead of a sport?

A great cry went up against syndicate ball when John T. Brush secured the controlling interest in the New York club from Andrew Freedman. It was then said that Mr. Brush still owned the Cincinnati club and that the deal whereof he got control of the Giants was only a bluff transaction, made so that both the Giants and Reds could be strengthened at the expense of the other clubs in the National League. Mr. Brush, however, proved that his National League interests were centered in the New York club alone. But the cry of syndicate baseball went the rounds and did no good to the sport.

Then, again, when Soden, Conant and Billings, of Boston, sold their club, and it was said that Barney Dreyfuss put money in that deal, there was another syndicate scandal, and while that did not last long, it did not help the game any.

When Horace Fogel secured possession of the Philadelphia National League club last winter, claiming that he did it with nothing but Philadelphia backing and money, there was a laugh because every one knew of the fatherly interest Charlie Murphy, of the Cubs, took in Horace. And when immediately afterward it was learned that the wife of Murphy's backer in the Chicago deal had purchased the Philadelphia ball park, that laugh turned to derision.

And yet in the face of that deal, the new president of the Philadelphia club, Horace Fogel, and Charley Murphy, who engineered the big deal, denied there was the least danger of syndicate baseball, and both became highly indignant when any such thing was broached.

A great many people don't like the recent trades that have taken place between the Cubs and Quakers, and they claim that on the face of things it looks like a deliberate attempt to make the Chicago club absolutely impregnable in the pitcher's box, while the Philadelphia club has received but little in return.

The first trade was made when Catcher Moran, of the Cubs, was traded to Philadelphia for Pitcher Ritchie. Does the average fan believe for one minute that that trade

was needed by any one but Chance and Murphy?

The next trade was to send another good pitcher, Foxen, from Philadelphia to further strengthen the Cubs in return for First Baseman Luderus. What's that? You never heard of Luderus?

Well, never mind, there are lots of other things about baseball, oh! fan readers, of which you are now in ignorance but on which much light will be shed at the coming winter session of the magnates.

Mr. Luderus was placed on the initial sack for Philadelphia to replace Bransfield, and was considered so good that he was placed sixth in the batting order. True, Bransfield has not shown over brilliantly this season, but according to the table compiled on August 6th, he has been at bat 249 times this year and hit at a .229 clip. Luderus's batting average in the same table was .212.

Well, anyway, the Quakers can't win the pennant and Chance now has nearly a dozen good boxmen. Then it was just as well to have another good left-handed pitcher for the Cubs' Eastern campaign, as Pfeister and Kroh appeared to be slowing up a little temporarily.

It may be perfectly legitimate trading, but it looks "raw" to a lot of fans, and you don't see anything of the kind being done in the American League.

Fogel makes this unique explanation of his latest deal with Murphy:

It was not exactly a trade we made with Chicago, but an outright purchase by each club. In other words, we have purchased Luderus from Chicago and that club has purchased Foxen from us.

It came about this way. A week ago, Chance asked for waivers on Luderus. We declined to waive, as did several others. Then Chicago recalled its waiver request. Next we had a deal on with another club and asked for waivers on Foxen.

Chicago refused to waive on Foxen. That gave us a chance to sell Foxen conditionally that Chicago would sell us Luderus.

Each club fixed a price for its player which was finally acceptable to the other, and that is how the swap was made.

As we are carrying entirely too many pitchers we could well afford to part with Foxen.

Maybe you could afford to part with Foxen, oh, Horace, but some of the fans can suggest at least one other name that they think could better have been scratched from the Quakers' payroll.

Horace's explanation reminds me of a little story that ran something like this: There was a German immigrant in a Montana mining camp who had received a letter from home. He was illiterate, and no one in the camp understood

enough German to read the letter to him. One day he was overjoyed to learn that a Mr. White, secretary of a local laymen's mission, could read German. He took the letter to the good man, but as the missionary began reading, the man from the banks of the Rhine clapped his hands over Mr. White's ears.

"What are you trying to do?" exclaimed Mr. White, after he had been able to free his ears from the fellow's palms.

"Dot letter was from mine girl. I hold your ears so you don't hear vat in it vas," was the reply.

SPORTING BRIEFS.

It is understood that Jennings recently turned down an offer from McAleer, of the Washingtons, to trade Johnson and Street, his star battery, Milan, his best outfielder and Pitcher Gray for Ty Cobb.

Cleveland has purchased Joe Jackson from the New Orleans club, and with Graney and Birmingham they will make up the Naps' outfield next season. Jackson is touted as another Cobb. He is now batting around .400 and his hits this season include thirteen doubles and nineteen triples. He has also stolen thirty-four bases.

Charles W. Somers, vice-president of the American League is now the sole owner of the franchise of the Cleveland Baseball Club, having purchased the half interest formerly held by John F. Kilfoyl. Somers likes Manager McGuire and has said that he does not blame him for the club's poor showing this year. The Naps are really very weak in many positions and before the season of 1911 opens every effort will be made to strengthen the team with good, new material. A start in the right direction was made when Lord was traded to Connie Mack for Rath, who is to be stationed at third. The Cleveland baseball plant is said to be worth \$450,000, exclusive of the franchise and players.

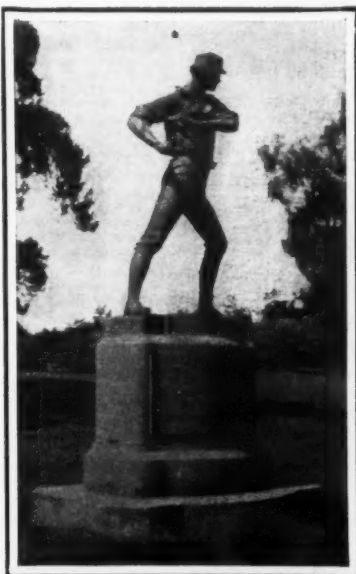
After the awful July slump, the Superbas returned to form and beat the Cardinals five straight games. There is no reason why this club should play poorly, for in Rucker, Barger, Bell, Bergen, Daubert, Burch, Hummel and Wheat the Superbas have a bunch of stars, any one of whom would be welcomed with open arms by any big league club. The remainder of the club is not bad and with team work Ebbets's boys should always be up as good as fourth or fifth in the National League race. Just think what the Giants would be with the addition of Rucker and Bergen.

It looks now like an absolute certainty that the Cubs will win the 1910 National League pennant. All the old timers on the team are playing about as well as they ever did in their lives and should any of them be injured there is always the Philadelphia club to draw upon for a good man or two. To be sure, there have been a few kicks recently against the syndicate baseball

system, but there are some quarters in which kicks seldom make even an impression. No matter, though, whether the Chicago and Philadelphia clubs are owned by the same interests or not, truth compels one to admit that Chance's outfit has played the kind of ball that entitles the Cubs to their position and that the work of the Pirates, Giants and Reds to date has not been in the same class. Besides, the Chicago boys have developed the art of baseball bluffing to a science, and they scare McGraw's crowd half to death whenever the two clubs meet. Mathewson is about the only one who can trim the Cubs, and even he occasionally falls down through over-confidence.

Oh! what a difference there would be in the

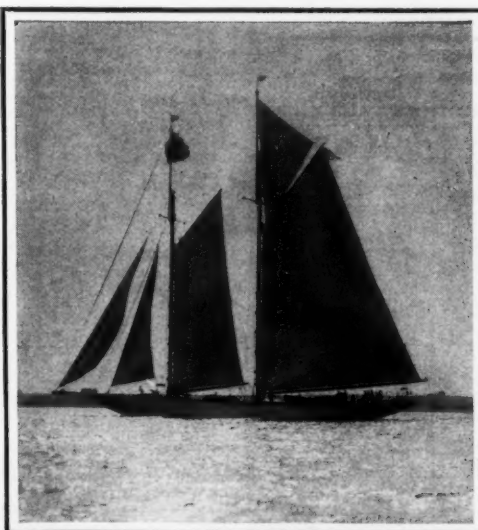
(Continued on preceding page.)



A splendid statue erected in honor of baseball in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and the only testimonial of this nature to the national game.



FRED SNODGRASS, The Giants' outfielder, who has become the most sensational batter of the season and whose record will probably eclipse those of Donlin, Wagner, Cobb and Lajoie.



AN AMERICAN YACHT THAT IS WINNING ABROAD. Schooner Westward, owned by A. S. Cochran, of New York, which recently defeated all of the crack yachts of Europe. At the recent Kiel regatta the Westward won eight straight races and was just as successful at the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. The Westward so far has defeated the Meteor, owned by the German Emperor, the Germania, Shamrock, Cecily and Susanne.



"JACK" DALTON, The Superbas' great right fielder, who was severely injured recently, when he dashed against the stands in an effort to capture a foul fly.

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Use Opaque Underclothing.

IT HAS long been a popular policy that white clothing is coolest in summer. *American Medicine*, in the following article, shows why the use of opaque clothes, and of underclothing in particular, will greatly increase the comfort of Occidental people:

"The use of colored underclothing in summer, particularly in our more southerly States, would seem to be justified. When it was first suggested that skins were pigmented to exclude too much light, the profession was quite skeptical, physicians preferring to consider nature a fool to create colored races in light countries. Opaque clothing is becoming popularized, and it is interesting to note that the instinctive demand for it not only in the tropics, but in America also, is so great that manufacturers are flooding the market with enormous quantities of black undergarments. Lay experience already shows it to be comfortable and beneficial. It is, of course, wholly unnecessary in such cloudy places as northern Europe, nor do the swarthy Italians need it; but blond migrant types must use it when residing in light countries where the native is pigmented. It is considered well worth a trial in this latitude, for it has been known to prevent those nervous conditions so common in the light season. That is, it begins to look as though the lay public will lead and the medical profession follow. It might be well to direct attention to the need of better head covering if one is exposed to the sun. All tropical natives use elaborate head-dresses for this purpose, and it is noticed that our own outdoor workmen have an instinctive desire for black felt hats. Agricultural laborers in our South, and Mexicans also, use opaque hats to a large extent, and prefer those with wide brims. The dinky little straw hats with narrow brims affected by city dwellers afford no protection at all in the sun and may be the cause of much suffering as well as actual sickness if the wearers do not remain constantly in the shade."

Amateur Photographic Contest.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest; a second prize of \$3 for the picture next in merit, and a prize of \$2 for the one which is third in point of excellence, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. In addition to the weekly contests there are special contests open for Decoration Day, Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, for which a prize of \$10 is offered for the best picture. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. A contestant may submit any number of photographs at one time. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Use paper with a glossy finish, if possible. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not. All photographs accepted and paid for by LESLIE'S WEEKLY become its property and therefore will not be returned.

The above competitions are open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for the publication in order to be entitled to compete for the prizes offered.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

NOTE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The value of the photographs which many of our correspondents send us is greatly impaired by their failure to provide adequate captions. Every print submitted should have written on the back, legibly, but lightly, in lead pencil, besides the name and address of the photographer, a full descriptive caption telling briefly just what that particular picture represents. For example, a photograph of a street swept by a fire, or a cyclone, should bear a description identifying the buildings shown, giving the name of the street, and indicating any particularly noteworthy feature of the scene. Do not be afraid of making your captions too full. We can condense them. The name of the party to whom payment for the photograph must be made should always be plainly indicated on back of photograph.

—*—

The Sarcastic Victim.

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Crank—"Good! I knew it was in me! Now, for goodness sake, don't talk to it or it will crawl back again!"

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Steaming Hot



When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, it's high time you bought yourself

A Glass of

Coca-Cola

Positively, it's a liquid breeze that blows away heat and thirst and fatigue and touches particular palates with vigorous deliciousness.

**DELICIOUS — REFRESHING
THIRST-QUENCHING**

5c Everywhere

Send for
our interest-
ing booklet,
"The Truth
About Coca-Cola"

The Coca-Cola Company
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola